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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1837. NO. 852.---VOL. XVI.—NO. 49.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Register and Observer.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS FROM THIS, TO A BETTER COUNTRY.

DELIVERED UNDER THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM.

(*Continued.*)

Then I saw that the pilgrims with renovated strength, and with the smile of joy upon their improved countenances, were conducted by their courteous guide to the mansion house, a very capacious building, whose structure and 'finish,' was 'all nobly simple,' and every way suited to the best accommodation of pilgrim-travellers. On arriving at the door, our pilgrims saw a writing over it in fair and distinct characters, of the same import with that which they had seen over the gate. As soon as they had knocked therefore, the watchful attendant within opened the door, and welcomed the pilgrims into the house, immediately conducting them into an 'upper chamber' adjoining the refectory, where they found several newly arrived pilgrims, habited like themselves, and waiting to be introduced to the Lord of the mansion, and to sit down with him at his table. This little band of brothers, embraced our pilgrims with cordial affection, and pleasantly communed with them on subjects suitable to their situation. But they had enjoyed this brotherly communion a short time only, before they were summoned by one of the Lord's servants into the refectory, and were conducted into the room by Janitor, their kind and faithful friend; who, addressing the Master of the feast with a low and respectful reverence;—these men, said he, who, having commenced a pilgrimage-life, have been admitted into the outward court, and there 'done as thou hast commanded, are now by thy permission presented before thee, desirous of a seat at thy table, and to partake of the finest of the wheat, and of the pure juice of the grape, which thou hast provided. Being thus introduced, they bowed their heads in token of their desire. Whereupon, with a dignified demeanor, accompanied with a serene and encouraging aspect, he condescendingly invited them to the table. Then lifting his eyes and hands towards heaven, he invoked a blessing upon his guests, and upon the significant, nutricious, and exhilarating repast, which was placed before them. Then, with a benignant countenance, he invitingly said—'eat O friends, drink O beloved;' and this do now, and as oft as you shall hereafter do it, in testimony of your affectionate remembrance of me, and of attachment to my cause. Now supper being ended, and the guests, having expressed their grateful acknowledgments to the Master of the feast by singing an appropriate hymn, 'were led out,' and were conducted by their guide to a pleasant parlor 'swept and garnished.' And as it now 'began to be dark,' lamps were soon brought into the room by one of the domestics, which, being lighted, shed their cheering beams throughout the room. Here the pilgrims sat, till the accustomed hour for sleep, expressing their high regard for the Lord of the mansion, their attachment to his cause, and their determination to recommend and defend it, even unto death. They expressed also their admiration of his person, as 'the chiefest among ten thousands—fairer than the children of men; and altogether lovely.' Their repast at his table, they continued, although plain and simple, was more grateful to their palates, and exhilarating to their spirits than they could realize from the richest dainties, and splendid parade of a princely feast. They, moreover, briefly related their several adventures of different characters, which they had encountered before their arrival at the gate. And I could not but notice, and with pleasure, that they, with much apparent ingenuousness, though with tearful eyes, acknowledged the false steps and deviations they had heedlessly made from the path they ought to have trodden, and the consequent evils they had justly sustained. And for their deliverance from them, they expressed gratitude to Him, who is able and willing to deliver from evil, all who call upon him for help.

During this conversation no symptoms of variance, or any unhallowed feeling were discoverable. Their countenances were lighted up with a smile, which indicated a cheering sunshine on the inward man, and hearts comforted, being knit together in love.' Charmed with their appearance and intercommunity of feeling and discourse, I could not forbear to exclaim—'Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!' It is 'as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.'

Now I saw that Janitor, who had lent a listening and delighted ear to the conversation of the happy pilgrims, addressed them to the following effect. 'Dearly beloved in the Lord, I am become your debtor notwithstanding the offices of love and friendship you have received from my hands, for the interesting converse which has now passed among you. It seems good to be here, and to enjoy your pleasant society and profitable conversation; but I must inform you that, according to the custom of this house, the hour is arrived for offering the evening sacrifice, and seeking the repose of sleep.'

With the rising of the sun, our pilgrims were again seated in the parlor, where they enjoyed pleasant and improving converse with each other until the morning sacrifice was offered, when they were summoned into the common refectory, where they found all things in readiness for their refreshment. The table was furnished with such articles of food, as were most suitable for young pilgrims. When a blessing had been invoked upon the repast, the guests seated themselves at the hospitable board, which was crowned with plenty; yet the fare was very simple, consisting of sweet butter and virgin honey; of the milk of kine; bread from the flour of wheat, and of a pitcher of crystaline water fresh from the living spring. This food, said Janitor, who presided at the table, is better suited to your relish and digestion; to the improvement of your mental energies, and to the increase of your strength and activity, than strong meat and highly seasoned food. When our pilgrims had, with peculiar relish, plentifully feasted upon what was set before them, they rose from the table with appetites uncloyed, and were conducted by their guide to the roof of the mansion, which was nearly horizontal, and surrounded by a balustrade, where they could walk with security, while they inhaled a pure, and balmy, and exhilarating atmosphere. It was now about mid-summer. The morning was mild and serene. The sun diffused a flood of light, tempered with genial warmth. The scenery around, exhibited a rich variety of hill and dale; woodland,—large and fat pastures covered with grazing flocks and herds; highly cultivated fields enclosed with blooming hedges, and waving with golden and luxuriant grain, ripening into harvest, and extensive 'gardens and orchards,' abounding in 'trees of all kinds of fruits.' The whole scene, especially that portion of it situated on each side of the road, which the pilgrims were to travel, exhibited marks of correct taste, unremitted industry, peace and plenty. When they had, in some measure, satisfied their delighted eyes with this variegated prospect, Holdfast, who seemed to be the most prominent character among the pilgrim-group, expressing grateful acknowledgments to Janitor, in behalf of himself and his fellow travellers, for his friendly services and attentions, intimated a desire to pursue his journey. But how, he inquired, can we adequately express our profound regards and grateful feelings to the Lord of the mansion, for the obligations we are under to him.

Janitor. As he is already acquainted with what exists in your heart, he will dispense with a formal expression of it. To all the hospitalities of the house you will be welcomed during your continuance under its roof; but no restraint will be laid upon your inclination to go forward. When you are desirous to depart, it is the pleasure of the Lord of the mansion, that you 'depart in peace.' But before you 'gird up the loins of your mind,' you may need some further direction about the way you are to go. Then pointing, as to a distant object, he asked the pilgrims if they could discern a building which appeared like a speck in the horizon? but as neither of them could discern it, he applied to the eye of each, successively, a perspective, which he held in his hand, when they distinctly saw the object towards which he had pointed. That, said he, is the house of the Interpreter, one of my Lord's stewards, a very great friend to pilgrims, and ever ready to minister to all their needs and reasonable desires. To that house you must direct your steps. The way which leads to it is perfectly straight, and as you advance, it will become plainer to your sight, and easier to your feet. Nor will you meet with any serious difficulty or danger, if you do not heedlessly step aside from the path. But you are to remember that you may as well deviate from it, by forbidden desires and affections, as by your feet. And *those* deviations more frequently occur, than *these*. Thence it happens, that pilgrims, while, as to the outward man, they pursue a straight-forward course, often meet with trials, conflicts and discouragements, which they are apt to think necessarily result from carefully pursuing the way in which they ought to go. Now, this is a very great mistake; for the truth is, that this way is neither rough, nor toilsome, nor dangerous. 'He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely,' without weariness, and his path is pleasant to him. If, then, you would thus walk, 'turn away your eyes from beholding vanity;' listen not to the words of the flatterer, nor to the syren's song; 'keep your mouth with a bridle;' duly regulate your inclinations, appetites and passions; 'keep your hearts with all diligence, and take good heed to your steps.' So far as you regard these admonitions, you will travel with safety, although you may have difficulties to encounter. But whatever 'bonds and afflictions may abide you, let none of these things move you, so that you may finish your course with joy: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience hope; and hope maketh not ashamed.' All the *real* sufferings and discouragements, that will befal you in your journey, will result from the wanderings of your inward man from the right way; for, all the wanderings of the outward man, are but the signs or expressions of those of the inward man. Let me further admonish you that you will be likely to overtake, and be overtaken by those, who, although habited like real pilgrims, are such in pretence only; and it may be that you will meet some, who will be returning back, as to the outward man, from their progress. Now such travellers are artful and dangerous men; and to detect their real character, is sometimes very difficult. You cannot, therefore, be too careful in scrutinizing character that you may know what it is in deed and in truth. 'Beware then, lest any man 'deceive, and spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ.' As these men wield their weapons of attack with insiduous skill, you must be well harnessed to meet them with success. 'Put on, therefore, the whole armor of God that ye may be able to withstand their wiles, in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.'

EXTRACTS,

From a Discourse on the duties of Queen Victoria, preached at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's, London, by the Rev. Sydney Smith.

'A second great object which I hope will be impressed upon the mind of this Royal lady, is; a rooted horror of war—an earnest and passionate desire to keep her people in a state of profound peace. The greatest curse which can be entailed upon mankind is a state of war. All the atrocious crimes committed in years of peace—all that is spent in peace by the secret corruptions, or by the thoughtless extravagance of nations, are mere trifles compared with the gigantic evils which stalk over the world in a state of war. God is forgotten in war—every principle of Christian charity trampled upon—human labor destroyed—human industry extinguished; you see the son, and the husband, and the brother, dying miserably in distant lands—you see the waste of human affections—you see the breaking of human hearts—you hear the shrieks of widows and children, after the battle—and you walk over the mangled bodies of the wounded calling for death. I would say to that royal child, worship God, by loving peace—it is not *your* humanity to pity a beggar by giving him food or raiment—*I* can do that; that is the charity of the humble and unknown—widen your heart for the more expanded miseries of mankind—pity the mothers of the peasantry who see their sons torn away from their families—pity your poor subjects crowded into hospitals, and calling in their last breath upon their distant country, and their young Queen—pity the stupid, frantic folly of human beings who are always ready to tear each other to pieces—and to deluge the earth with each other's blood; this is your extended humanity; and this the great field of your compassion. Extinguish in your heart the fiendish love of military glory, from which your sex does not necessarily exempt you, and to which the wickedness of flatterers may urge you. Say upon your death bed, 'I have made few orphans in my reign. I have made few widows, my object has been peace. I have used all the weight of my character, and all the power of my situation, to check the irascible passions of mankind, and turn them to the arts of honest industry; this has been the Christianity of my throne, and this the Gospel of my sceptre; in this way I have strove to worship my Redeemer and my Judge.'

MINISTERS' WIVES.

'To-be-sure—to be sure,' said a friend of mine to me the other day, 'Mrs Jeroll should go to see all the members of the church. She is the minister's wife.' 'Why so madam?' 'Oh why—certainly she ought to go. There is Mrs Toll in Zigzag lane, and Mrs Doll up the street and Mrs Macdougle that lives just a mile or so out of town, and all the folks up our way. She ought to visit us, for she is our minister's wife.' 'What of that?' said I, 'is she the Pastor of the church? I am sure I had no part in her election. It will be time to call upon her for pastoral visits, when we elect her co-pastor and give her a salary. If I mistake not our minister had no wife when he settled among us, and therefore we could not have included the services of his wife in our call. You might as well present the claim to the services of his children and servants.' 'But surely she might come and see a body once in a while—every month or so,' replied my reasonable friend. 'And what is to become of her own affairs, in the mean time?' 'Why I don't know; but she ought to visit us. If not, pray what ought she to do?' 'Why, do what you and every body else ought to do. Mind your own business, and let others alone.'

After things had gone thus far, we proposed taking up our Bible to see if we could get any light on the subject, from 'the word and the testimony.' My credulous friend had taken it for granted that the Scriptures were very explicit on the point, and fumbled over from Genesis to Revelations to find a passage that touched it. But all in vain. We read carefully 1 Tim. iii. 1—7; in which the qualifications of a minister are laid down; but alas we found nothing about his wife except that he must be 'the husband of *one* wife.' 'Ah but here is something,' said she, 'about deacon's wives. *They* must visit us.' A terrible rage for visiting, thought I. However I asked her to read the passage. 'Even so *must their* wives be grave, not slanderers, sober, faithful in all things.' She freely confessed that it did not prove that deacon's wives ought to visit all over the place. I then took occasion to inform her that the passage which she had read is thought by the best expositors to refer not to any body's wife, but to female teachers which the customs of those times rendered necessary in the Church.

I read to her a paragraph from Macknight's Commentary on the place, from which she seemed very well persuaded that our translators have somewhat changed the real meaning by rendering the Greek word 'wives' instead of 'females' as it should be; and inserting the words marked by italics. It soon seemed plain to her that the Apostle is in the chapter giving instructions to *Ministers, Deacons, and female Teachers*, and that he says nothing about their wives.

'There is one general direction,' I observed, 'which the apostle directed Titus ii. 4. 5. to deliver to women in general that is highly important. Will you read it?' 'Teach young women to be sober, to love their husbands and their children, to be discreet, chaste, *keepers at home*, good &c. *that the word of God be not blasphemed.*' Warning against others, he says, 'They learn to be idle, *wandering about from house to house*, and not only idle, but tattlers also, and busy bodies, speaking things which they ought not.'

My friend confessed she had been in error, and very unkind and uncharitable in her censures. She vowed that her conduct should hereafter be different, and the time which she had wasted in idle complaints and murmuring should henceforth be employed in praying for a blessing upon the labors of her minister. Such a course she observed, will be more profitable to both of us. We parted on good terms, deeply convinced, that she is the best wife, who in the circle to which providence has called her, exhibits a pattern of Christian sobriety, neatness, order and economy. Such a person will be sure to honor religion by making the home of her husband and children, a happy, a peaceful, and cherished retreat.

'Let us go and take tea with our minister this evening: it is Sunday, and we shall find him at home,' said my worthy friend as she was passing out the door. 'Oh, no,' I replied, 'let the Sabbath be sacred to him; let him have at least one day in which he will be free from intrusion. Wearied with the services of the day let him retire unmolested to the tranquillity and repose of his own home and fireside. When you leave the church this afternoon, come home with me (as the distance is great to your house,) and we will pass the time in such conversation as shall not unfit us for the closing services of this holy day.'—*Tennessee Observer.*

For the Register and Observer.

Mr Editor,—I really felt a godly jealousy for the honor of the Sanctuary and the Sabbath, notwithstanding the tone of my remarks in answer to C. Permit me now to trouble you with a few more sober thoughts upon the subject.

Are our city congregations discouragingly small in the afternoon? I have occasionally attended church in Boston in the afternoon, and I must say I have generally found a very decent audience. How many slept or felt like sleeping I am unable to tell. On some occasions there was great stillness, but I imagined many minds and hearts were wakeful and in motion. I have sometimes found a larger audience in the afternoon than in the morning. But no doubt, there is often a smaller number of worshippers out to attend the second service. Some may stay at home because they have eaten so good a dinner, and others may nod at church for the same reason. The preacher looks around, and easily discovers a considerable change in his audience. Many important members of the parish are absent. He feels dispirited. A dullness comes over his soul. He thinks there are none within those walls to hear and appreciate his service. Let us set this matter in a more favorable light, if we can. Some of those respectable and intelligent persons, whose seats are empty, have staid at home to give their servants an opportunity to go. I know some excellent men and women in the city, who are absent from church one half of the day from such a generous motive. They are among those good persons whose servants are dear to them, and who care for the spiritual condition of those under their roof.

Let our city preachers think of this. Let them not feel deserted and spiritless. They have many hearers even in the afternoon. Some few of them, at least, are enlightened and pious persons. There may be a larger number of those who are in an humble condition; but they have precious and immortal souls; and the good shepherd will care for them. I suspect that those who preach in the city in the afternoon, often forget what an opportunity for usefulness they have. You mount the pulpit in the afternoon, and cast your eye into many pews nearly empty. And will your prayer and sermon be lost? O do not think so. Look about you again. There are some within those hallowed courts, perhaps many, with whom you are little acquainted, whose circumstances prevented their attendance in the morning, and who are hungering for the bread of life. There are young men and young women who want instruction; there are poor and afflicted persons who want courage and consolation. There are strangers who have come in for a single time to 'behold your devotions.' Some from distant places are listening that they may learn what are your views of gospel truth. Consider these things, and be eloquent, be engaged. You are not alone. There are those around you whom you may impress—whom you may have the honor of leading to the fountain of eternal life.

The objections to deferring the afternoon service till evening, must be obvious to the more serious and considerate part of the community. Heaven save us from stupidity!

I, for one, could heartily and devoutly wish that our Unitarian churches in cities and large towns, might be open in the evening. I wish it for the moral and religious welfare of the community. An evening service every Sunday would prove a benefit to thousands. If the temples of God in large towns are shut Sabbath evenings, there is a great number, who are almost unavoidably exposed to many trials and temptations. An evening service might increase the labor of the clergy; but, I trust, they would even in this world experience a joy, a satisfaction, which would amply reward them for their toil.

N. R.

Jones in his 'Excursions to Cairo, Jerusalem,' &c. gives the following account of the missionaries of the East:—

'They speak the languages of the natives with great fluency; and are men of intelligence and talents sufficient to give them a high standing in any society, no matter where.

They have schools in the villages of the mountains, and in Beirout; and at the time of our visit, were making arrangements for a printing press which has since arrived, and with which they are commencing operations.

'It must strike every one, even those opposed to missions, as a pleasing circumstance, that in all such establishments belonging to our country, the communications of knowledge, not only in religious matters, but on all topics, is one of the earliest and is ever a constant object. Religion that comes thus associated cannot wish to hood-wink and lead the people blind-folded. It enlarges the mind, it teaches the people to think, and gives them useful objects of history and science to think about; it strengthens the judgment; and to this judgment, thus strengthened and thus rendered acute, it now appeals and asks for admission to the heart. No man need be afraid of a religion that comes in such companionship. It gives us the very best proof possible that it considers itself based on reason, and that it will bear the test of scrutiny from enlightened and intelligent minds—which scrutiny it ever invites. There is no jargon of the schools here, no throwing of dust into men's eyes, no trying to blunt the intellect that nonsense may be forced upon it. The missionaries come with geographies, and arithmetics, and apparatus for easy and simple lectures, and compendious histories; or where such books are not to be had in the language, they go to work immediately and translate them; and they circulate them; and they gather the children from the streets, and seek for the adults, and they teach them *knowledge*, not religious knowledge only, but knowledge of all kinds. Their object, it is granted, is to introduce religion into the heart, *their* religion, if the reader may choose to like the phrase; but then it comes preceded by and associated with knowledge; *it loves the light*; light it created, diffused, and in this light it comes, and in it addresses and appeals to us; and let him who opposes these efforts look and see if he does not oppose them because he himself loves darkness rather than light, and that because his own deeds are evil.

'I visited a missionary house at Malta, belonging to the English Church Missionary Society, but under the care of some gentlemen from Switzerland. I found them striking off maps for an atlas in modern Greek, and making Arabic globes to be sent to Egypt, where, if I mistake not, it will astonish the natives when they are told that the world is round, and that they have been such prodigious travellers on its surface, when they were thinking themselves all the while sitting still. The shelves of this house were also filled with a great variety of books, translations of the most approved modern works for schools; and these they were scattering around the Mediterranean as fast as they were able. And when I went to the dwelling house of one of them (the only one married,) I found his lady in a school with a room full of children, many of whom had been common beggars in the streets, and had been taken in here and clothed; she was teaching them to read and sew, and had a small cabinet filled with their work, each article with the maker's name, the money for which, when sold, was to be delivered to the child itself. Though their garments were often 'of many colors,' owing to the strange mixtures of patches, yet there was not one ragged child, and all were clean, and they looked cheerful and happy.

And all this is only an example of the Protestant missionary operations at Syra, and Athens, and Constantinople, and Smyrna, and since they have got the press, at Beirout, and in the islands of the Pacific, and in India, and every where, wherever our missionaries are to be found.'

THE WATCH.

Extract from Governor Everett's Address before the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association.

Consider the influence on the affairs of men, in all their relations, of the invention of the little machine which I hold in my hands; and the other modern instruments for the measurement of time, various specimens of which are on exhibition in the halls. To say nothing of the importance of an accurate measurement of time in astronomical observations,—nothing of the application of time-keepers to the purposes of navigation,—how vast must be the aggregate effect on the affairs of life, throughout the civilized world, and in the progress of ages, of a convenient and portable apparatus for measuring the lapse of time! Who can calculate in how many of those critical junctures when affairs of weightiest import hang upon the issue of an hour, Prudence and Forecast have triumphed over blind Casualty, by being enabled to measure with precision the flight of time, in its smallest subdivisions! Is it not something more than mere mechanism, which watches with us by the sick-bed of some dear friend, through the livelong solitude of night, enables us to count, in the slackening pulse, nature's trembling steps towards recovery, and to administer the prescribed remedy at the precise, perhaps the critical, moment of its application? By means of a watch, punctuality in all his duties,—which, in its perfection, is one of the incommunicable attributes of Deity,—is brought, in no mean measure, within the reach of man. He is enabled, if he will be guided by this half-rational machine, creature of a day as he is, to imitate the sublime precision which leads the earth, after a circuit of five hundred millions of miles, back to the solstice at the appointed moment, without the loss of one second, no, not the millionth part of a second, for the ages on ages during which it has travelled that empyreal road. What a miracle of art, that a man can teach a few brass wheels, and a little piece of elastic steel, to out-calculate himself; to give him a rational answer to one of the most important questions which a being travelling toward eternity can ask! What a miracle, that a man can put within this little machine a spirit that measures the flight of time with greater accuracy than the unassisted intellect of the profoundest philosopher; which watches and moves when sleep palsies alike the hand of the maker, and the mind of the contriver, nay, when the last sleep has come over them both! I saw the other day, at Stockbridge, the watch which was worn on the 8th of September, 1755, by the unfortunate Baron Dieskau, who received his mortal wound on that day, near Lake George, at the head of his army of French and Indians, on the breaking out of the seven years' war. This watch, which marked the fierce, feverish moments of the battle as calmly as it has done the four-score years which have since elapsed, is still going; but the watch-maker and baron have now for more than three fourths of a century, been gone where time is no longer counted. Frederic the Great was another and a vastly more important personage of the same war. His watch was carried away from Potsdam by Napoleon, who, on his rock in mid-ocean, was wont to ponder on the hours of alternate disaster and triumph, which filled up the life of his great fellow-destroyer, and had been equally counted on its dial-plate. The courtiers used to say that this watch stopped of its own accord when Frederick died. Short-sighted adulation! for if it stopped at his death, as if time was no longer worth measuring, it was soon put in motion, and went on, as if nothing had happened. Portable watches were probably introduced into England in the time of Shakspeare; and he puts one into the hand of his fantastic jester, as the text of his morality. In truth, if we wished to borrow from the arts a solemn monition of the vanity of human things, the clock might well give it to us. How often does it not occur to the traveller in Europe, as he hears the hour told from some ancient steeple,—that iron tongue in the tower of yonder old cathedral, unchanged itself, has had a voice for every change in the fortune of nations! It has chimed monarchs to their thrones, and knelled them to their tombs; and, from its watch-tower in the clouds, has, with the same sonorous and impartial stoicism, measured out their little hour of sorrow and gladness to coronation and funeral, abdication and accession, revolution and restoration; victory, tumult, and fire:—and with like faithfulness, while I speak, the little monitor by my side warns me back from my digression, and bids me beware lest I devote too much of my brief hour, even to its own commendation.

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Let me say, then, Mr President, and Gentlemen of the Mechanic Association, PERSEVERE. Do any ask what you have done, and what you are doing for the public good; send them to your exhibition rooms, and let them see the walls of the temple of American Liberty fitly covered with the products of American Art. And while they gaze with admiration on these creations of the mechanical arts of the country, bid them remember that they are the productions of a people whose fathers were told by the British ministry, that they should not manufacture a hob-nail! Does any one ask in disdain for the great names which have illustrated the Mechanic Arts; tell him of Arkwright and Watt, of Franklin, of Whitney, and Fulton, whose memory will dwell in the grateful recollections of posterity, when the titled and laureled destroyers of mankind shall be remembered only with detestation. Mechanics of America, respect your calling, respect yourselves. The cause of human improvement has no firmer, or more powerful friends. In the great Temple of Nature, whose foundation is the earth,—whose pillars are the eternal hills,—whose roof is the star-lit sky,—whose organ-tones are the whispering breeze and the sounding storm,—whose architect is God,—there is no ministry more sacred than that of the intelligent mechanic!

[From the Correspondent of the N. Y. Observer.]

LOUISA SCHEPPLER,

THE PIOUS SERVANT OF OBERLIN.

BOLBEC, (Lower Seine,) Sept. 18, 1837.

At Ban-de-la-Roche, has lately died a woman whose name will be ever united with the venerable Oberlin. She is no longer here below, the founder of infant schools on the continent of Europe,—that humble and faithful peasant who, in the obscure retreat where God had placed her, has done more for the religious and moral welfare of mankind, than kings occupying the first rank in history!

In writing the name of Louisa Scheppler, I cannot refrain from deep emotion, and I can hardly collect or arrange my ideas. What expressions in human language can characterize a piety so lively, so fervent, so devoted, so abundant in good works? How can I paint that constant sacrifice of herself to her duty, and that humility which is greatest among great virtues, and that charity which knows not that it is charity, it is so pure and disinterested? Tell me to relate the exploits of a conqueror, and I shall be able perhaps to elevate my words to the dignity of the subject: but I decline beforehand the more difficult task of being the historian of a woman who offers the rare example of what the most obscure person can do, when animated by sincere faith in Jesus Christ. Still we will attempt some sketch of the life of Louisa Scheppler, and will aim, at least, at a style as simple as she, of whom we speak.

Louisa Scheppler was born the 4th Nov. 1763, in the village of Bellefosse, in the canton of Ban-de-la-Roche, and in her youth exhibited pious dispositions, which procured for her admittance into Oberlin's house. When this pastor had the pain and grief to lose his wife, young Louisa, who knew how to appreciate the zeal and devotion of Oberlin, offered to be a servant for him; and as she had a little patrimony, she would not accept the least salary for her services. Oberlin, desirous to give her something, charged one of his friends in Strasburgh to send her anonymously, a sum of money; but Louisa divining the source of the donation, refused to receive it. After the death of their father, the children of Oberlin begged her to take at least the portion of a child in their inheritance; but they could only get her consent to remain with them, and serve on the same conditions as before, that is to say, gratuitously. The family of Oberlin, gave her the endearing name of *mama*, and her modesty regarded this title as a great favor.

For half a century, Louisa Scheppler partook, as far as was in her power, of all the labors, toils and cares of her venerable master. A true apostle of the Lord, as Oberlin himself states in his will, she went into all the villages to gather the children around her, to teach them the will of God, instruct them in singing, to pray with them, and to show them the wonderful works of God in the kingdoms of nature and of grace. This was not a task to be accomplished in a day or a year. Thousands would have been discouraged in view of the innumerable difficulties attending these pious labors; but Louisa was not discouraged.

She had to guide children raised in almost savage life; and her mildness, her patience, her instructions, succeeded in rendering them docile. She had to encounter, upon the mountains where she lived, deep snows, cold winds, torrents swollen by heavy rains; yet nothing chilled her zeal. When she returned at night, fatigued, wet, pierced with cold, to Oberlin's home, she still found strength to take care of the children and the house. She employed in advancing the kingdom of God, and in the service of her pious master upon earth, not only her time and talents, but her health and her whole being. What care and watching, when Oberlin or any member of his family was sick! Louisa Scheppler was to them as a visible Providence anticipating and providing for all their wants.

Oberlin was deeply grateful; he regarded Louisa Scheppler as a blessing from God, who had deigned to send him a pious and faithful

servant in the place of his dear wife, so soon called to Himself. 'I bequeath her to you,' said he to his children in his will. 'You will let it be seen by the care you take of her, whether or not you respect the wishes of a father, who has always inspired you with sentiments of gratitude and kindness. But, yes,—yes, you will fulfil my wishes; you will be in your turn, jointly and severally to her, what she has been to you, so far as your means and circumstances may allow.'

Louisa Scheppler began and gradually perfected the admirable institution of Infant schools. When the weight of years and of long fatigue counselled her to repose herself, she would not consent. She not only applied herself to instruct children in the knowledge and love of the Savior, but she tried to form good instructresses, who could carry on her work where she could not go, and when she should be no more. Only five days before her death, and the very night when her disease became fixed, she assembled around her the children of Walderbach, so that she did not cease to labor in the work confided to her, till she ceased to live.

The example which Louisa Scheppler gave in the establishment of Infant schools was soon extensively followed. I do not know whether or not England or the United States had similar institutions before this model was exhibited in Ban-de-la-Roche; but in France, in Switzerland and Germany, all the Infant schools which now exist and flourish, owe their origin to the enterprise begun by the servant of Oberlin. It is very possible that the name of Louisa Scheppler will be forgotten like Oberlin's by men of this world, in a few years; for men, by a strange and inexcusable fancy, almost always preserve the name of their oppressors better than that of their benefactors. But it is not less true that mankind will be indebted to Louisa Scheppler, under God, for a part of the immense good which Infant schools have produced and will produce. Let mothers, then, teach their children the name of Louisa Scheppler, and accustom them to pronounce it with gratitude and veneration.

So much virtue and devotedness, in spite of the pains taken to conceal it, could not remain entirely unknown to her cotemporaries. Louisa thought that nobody on earth, except the poor inhabitants of Ban-de-la-Roche, thought of her; and was astonished, perhaps even somewhat grieved, when told, one day, that the most illustrious body in France, the French Academy, proposed to decree to her before the world the annual prize awarded to virtuous actions. Fame had, indeed, borne to the Academy the account of Louisa's good works; and these men, struck with admiration to find, in their age and so near them, virtues equalling in sublimity any which history records, hastened to give to Louisa Scheppler the tribute of praise which she had richly deserved.

It is remarkable that the great Cuvier, the man who stood at the head of scientific men in our age, was charged with drawing up the report of the French Academy. Thus did Science pay its homage at the feet of Virtue; The following is an extract from this report:

'A young female peasant of one of these villages (Ban-de-la-Roche), Louisa Scheppler, hardly 15 years of age, was so struck with the virtues of this man of God, (Oberlin,) that though she enjoyed a small patrimony, she asked leave to enter his service, and to take part in his charitable labors. From that time, without receiving any salary, she never left him. As his aid, his messenger, she carried to every cottage all kinds of consolation. Never was better exemplified the influence of the heart in enlarging the understanding. This simple village girl comprehended her master and his most elevated thoughts. Often, indeed, she astonished him with happy suggestions of which he had not dreamed, and which he eagerly adopted and put in practice. For instance, remarking the difficulty that farmers experience in devoting themselves at the same time to the labors of the field and taking care of their small children, she conceived the thought of assembling these children, from an early age, into spacious rooms, where, whilst the parents were busy with their work, intelligent teachers should take care of them, learn them their letters, and exercise them in small labors. Hence arose the system of those Infant schools, where are received and kept the children of laborers, so often abandoned in cities to vice and misfortune. The honor of an idea which has already been so fruitful, and which will soon be adopted everywhere, is wholly due to Louisa Scheppler, to this poor peasant of Bellefosse. She consecrated to it the little property which she possessed, and what is more, her youth and her health. Even now, though advanced in years, she assembles around her, without reward, a hundred children, from three to seven years old, and gives them instruction suitable to their age. The adults, thanks to Mr Oberlin, have their moral wants satisfied; but some, in their old age and sickness, are exposed to bodily suffering. Louisa Scheppler provides for them soups, medicines, &c. which she distributes to all. Their pecuniary wants are not forgotten. She has founded and she conducts a Bank-of-piety of a peculiar kind, and which would be also an admirable invention, if it could be multiplied like Sunday schools; for it lends money without interest and without pledge.

'I know not whether Louisa Scheppler is acquainted with the part which the Academy designs her in the prize decreed to her; but all who know Louisa, know beforehand the use she will make of it.'

Mr Cuvier was not deceived in his expectation. Louisa Scheppler, having received 5,000 francs from the French Academy, spent the whole sum in deeds of charity, adding something from her small annuity. The money she acquired by her benevolence was, with her, the occasion and means of new benefactions.

Louisa wrote, a few weeks before her death, a sort of confession, which I will quote entire, as a monument of piety and humility. The style is that of a villager who does not seek the ornaments of human eloquence. The sentiments are very edifying.

Writing left by Louisa Scheppler.

'To be read from the pulpit on the day of my interment.

'For some time I have had a presentiment that the Lord would soon call me from this world; so that I have resolved to put down here my last wishes.

'Several years ago, I chose for my funeral text the words of our blessed Savior in Luke chap. xvii. 10: 'When ye shall have done all those things which I commanded you, say: We are unprofitable servants, we have done that which was our duty to do.'

'I beg my dear pastor to observe this, and not to say a word in praise of my course of life; for Paul says in his Epistle to the Corinthians; 'What hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now if thou didst not receive it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it?'

'To God, then, to his honor and his glory, must be referred all which we have received from him by grace; yes, by grace; for what are we, and what can we be without the aid of his Spirit? Where do we find matter for self-commendation, when our whole capacity, all that we possess, our whole existence, is a gift of the grace of God: and it only remains to me to cry out with the publican: 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'

'I bid adieu to all my benefactors. May the Lord reward them in eternity, for all their kindness to me and their care of me!

'I bid adieu, to all my friends, and neighbors. I thank them for the attentions they have ever shown me: to all my nephews and nieces; I beg and entreat them to seek the way of life in Jesus Christ: to my god-sons and god-daughters I bid adieu, till I see them at the great day, and I desire to meet them in a happy eternity. And to you, dear children of the school of Walderbach and the whole parish, I bid adieu. I leave you, but only bodily: for I shall continue to pray the blessed Savior to bless you, and to draw you all to Him. Think often of your Louisa, who has loved you much. I will continue to pray the Lord that you may have for the person who shall take my place the same love, the same respect and obedience, which you have had for me. Yes, do so, dear children, and I shall rejoice in eternity.

'Adieu, lastly all the parish! Ah! would that I could carry to our dear pastor and deceased father when I shall see him, good news of the parish so dear to his heart! But, alas!—Oh! Lord Jesus! thou who camest to seek and to save that which was lost; oh! be pleased by thy grace and infinite mercy to bring back all the wandering sheep of our parish! Soften their hearts! Take away their distressing levity, and their carelessness for thy word and thy instructions! Oh! lead back, Lord, lead back to life, to life in Thee, all the dead and living of our parish! *Amen; amen.*

'And you, my dear fellow-teachers, on leaving you till the judgment-day, I would desire to beg you not to lose your patience, but to redouble your courage, fidelity, zeal and ardor, in teaching these young flocks the path of wisdom and virtue; to conduct the youth to our good Savior, the great Friend of children. Try to train them to industry and fidelity. Speak to them often of the presence of God. Inspire them with love for the Lord, for their neighbor, and for one another. Try to inspire them especially with a horror of lying, swearing, disobedience, and every kind of vice and evil. O dear friends! all who are called to instruct youth, the Lord has given you a noble but toilsome task. May you perform it to his honor and his glory, until the time of harvest!'

In reading this document with the critical attention of a theologian, there will be remarked, doubtless, some traces of those peculiar views which characterized the instructions of the venerable Oberlin; but along with these individual opinions, all will see in this writing of Louisa Scheppler a living faith in God the Savior, an ardent love of souls, and a firm hope of happiness in eternity.

When the inhabitants of Ban-de-la-Roche learned that Louisa Scheppler ceased to live, the grief was general. Every child had lost its second mother; every Christian his sister and friend; every infirm or aged person his consolation and support. The tears of hundreds of persons who had been taught, warned, led to the Savior, strengthened and consoled, by Louisa Scheppler, these were the great funeral oration pronounced at the tomb of this ransomed of the Lord Jesus Christ. Mr *Rauscher*, the pastor, who had married one of Obelin's daughters, conducted the funeral services. His discourse was grave and solemn. He would not bestow worldly eulogies on a woman who had beforehand disallowed them; but he made use of the occasion seriously to exhort the audience.

For the Register and Observer.

The days of Martyrdom it seems are not over. The time is not yet come, when a man may stand forth in the strong spirit of Jesus, to utter the oracles of God warm from his bosom, without persecution, without death.

Even the 19th century, with all its boasted progress, civilization, Christianity, has presented us again and again, with tragic scenes, that would have disgraced the age of Nero or Robespierre. The waters of the Mississippi, are swollen with the tears of the widow and orphan. The voice of a brother's blood, cries to us from the ground. The wail of savage murder is flung, reverberating over the Alleghanies to the ocean, and is bounding across the Atlantic to tell to the Old World the apostacy of the New. The Russian Czar, shall smile at our republican institutions, as he sits firmer on his throne. And the haughty Ottoman shall deride our liberties while with curling lip he mutters Allah! Behold how these Christians love one another. The news that has reached our ears from a distant state, should speak to our hearts, our patriotism, our love of liberty, yea to our Christianity with the voice of Omnipotence. Regard it as we will, it is no idle subject, it is no cold matter of dispute between opposing parties. It is a near, personal concern. It deeply, and immediately affects us each, and vitally. A blow has been struck at great principles in which the whole universe have a deep and solemn interest. We cannot, if we would, regard the subject with indifference. Whether or not we agree with sentiments espoused by the friends of the victim at Alton, we are equally involved, in the circumstances which led to his destruction. The freedom of the press, the liberty of thought, action and utterance; the sacred rights of citizenship, property, and life, are jeopardized every where, by the lawless spirit we deprecate, by the relentless cruelty, and massacre of that revolting, and heart-rending scene—and it becomes us, as we value the spread of truth, the safety of our homes, our rights, our all, to derive some salutary lesson from this painful catastrophe. Especially as Unitarian Christians, we have the most tender concern, in the Alton tragedy—and were it on no other account than this, I should ask no indulgence from your readers for presenting this subject to their Christian regard.

One of the great and distinguishing characteristics of Unitarianism is that it professes to be, and in fact, is a spirit of reform. Its earliest advocates, and its latest apostles have been and are reformers. As a distinct system, it first sprung from a strong conscientious dissent from the religious opinion into which the Christian world had departed, from the ancient simplicity of Jesus. As a protestant and peculiar embodiment of doctrine, it began in a firm, manly and martyrlike opposition to the domination of hierarchies, synods, and ecclesiastical tyranny of all sorts. Its earliest and most favorite sentiments were the liberty of Conscience, the right and responsibility of private judgment, the inalienable privilege of thinking and uttering, for and from ourselves, the profound and sincere conviction of our own souls. It recognizes and always has recognized as one of the most self-evident of all truths that the individual man is the best Interpretor of the Divine mind. It has always taught its followers to respect the person, opinion and property, of every child of God, reverencing in all men even the most ignorant and fallen the sublime energy which stamps all minds with the impress of the Divinity. It has ever been the firm champion of truth, laboring for its spread, for its advancement, for its establishment in the world, from the noble sentiment that only in proportion to its promulgation and progress the great mission of Christianity would be fulfilled, through the culture, perfection and happiness of mankind. From the sublime truths which it inculcates ever as the sincere revelation of the Almighty Parent it has encouraged and armed its true apostles, to face all opposition, to wrestle against all difficulties, ay to bare their foreheads to the baptism of blood, with a lofty heroism, an all surmounting faith and hope—which have been felt to be such a powerful support, as the angel that of old comforted Jesus in Gethsemane.

Besides, Unitarianism rightly understood is eminently a social religion. It takes cognizance of and provides for all our social and political wants, hopes, and progress. It is the true genius of liberty, education, order and civilization—marvel not then that we should feel a personal interest in any man who recognized, labored and died in the defence of any one of these sublime sentiments. The current of our thoughts may indeed turn pale at the recital, our hopes of progress, our belief in the spread of truth, in the rise of man to a lofty state of culture, happiness and Christianity may well be abashed at the recollection. And yet, if we mistake not, the massacre at Alton is rather an epoch in the age, it will be as a rallying point for all Christians, it will arouse the slumbering energies of our citizens to be admonished of the jeopardy and value of their institutions it will set in a strong light before the mind of every philanthropist the true state, and the startling necessities of our people, and by a thrilling appeal to the hearts of all freemen, prepare the way for a better reign of Order, Truth, Liberty and Love.

For the Register and Observer.

CHURCH MUSIC.

Why is it, that no Music has so little effect on the heart as our Church Music? The touching tones of our best female singers; the sublime power of man's lofty tenor and deep-toned base are alike inefficient to awaken tender emotions or to inspire the enthusiasm of devout adoration. Is it not because *adaptation* is entirely neglected? Sometimes it chances that a noble hymn, such as 'Be Thou exalted, O our God' is sung to the matchless tune of Old Hundred, and how wonderful is the effect. Every heart acknowledges its power, every soul can *unite* in such a song 'to the praise and glory of God.' But, when a versified prayer or didactic discourse is sung to an ill adapted tune—how coldly the sounds fall on the ear—the incongruity annoys. We know that prayer, such prayer as repentant, humbled man would pour out at the throne of mercy, could not be clothed in rhyme—we know that moral lectures, are better read than sung—especially when the tune is at variance with every thought and sentiment. Prayers in Rhyme may be tolerated, and didactic poems may be useful for the closet or for family reading—but when sung to inappropriate tunes they destroy rather than aid, that deep devotional feeling so desirable in the house of worship. I know that high authorities may be quoted to put down what I advance. But *names* cannot alter facts; and we all know that 'auld Robin Grey,' will melt the hearer to tears, when the most touching words of Mrs Steele, or Dr Watts are heard with coldness if not disgust,—when sung, as they generally are, to ill-adapted tunes, in our church choirs. The tune in which words are sung must be an echo to the sentiment or they will never touch that chord in the human heart, which vibrates throughout the soul. It is objected, that tunes appropriate to every hymn cannot be learned by any choir. Granted. But cannot our Christian Pastors appoint such hymns to be sung as will require only a few of our best and noblest tunes? —Hymns of adoration, praise and thanksgiving —instead of confessions of sins, prayers, and didactic poems? Let this be done—and soon our Church Music universally, as it now is in some societies, will be the most exalting portion of our service. It is to be wished that some gifted mind would take up this important subject. My sole object in intruding on the public my opinions has been, to induce some abler pen to say all that improvement in this part of our service in the house of God may require. We need every aid to rouse that spirit of devotion, so weighed down by the cares and struggles of this toiling world. Z.

For the Register and Observer.

TO THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE NASHUA U. S. SCHOOL.

The approach of the annual meeting of our Sunday School again imposes on us the pleasant duty of reviewing the labors of the past year, and making suggestions for the future. I fear I can say but little which will be of much interest or utility, yet I would make a few remarks upon modes of instruction, as well as on the condition of the class entrusted to my care.

The Text book used in the early part of the season was Allen's Questions, Part First—but having studied it through twice they preferred a change, and commenced at the Second Part. This, though not so interesting in itself as the First Part, from affording fewer chances for illustration, has yet proved more interesting than I expected. While using it as a Text Book it has been my endeavor to divest it of all formality and dryness, and to put the questions in such a manner, disregarding the Book, as to awaken the minds and hearts of my scholars—to lead them to think and feel for themselves. The simple answers, yes and no, are comparatively useless, it seems to me, and I have endeavored to place the subjects of the lesson before them in such a light and with such explanations, as to enable them to see the reasons of things, and to draw their own inferences. To crowd the young mind with a crude mass of moral truths and precepts seems to be vain, but embody these truths and precepts in a story or a character—adapt it by familiar language to their comprehension—ask them how they should feel and act and talk in such circumstances, and they will be interested. The dead, pointless truth becomes a living principle, awakening the mind and touching the heart. That which was read without pleasure or benefit, and passed by as true perhaps but not applying to them, thus becomes embodied in some pleasant story or striking character—is taken home to themselves, and remembered, and becomes a rule by which to regulate their own conduct, and to try their own feelings. And until we feel that these great truths and precepts apply to us as entirely as to their first hearers, and to the every day conduct and transactions of life as well as to its more important matters, the Bible will be studied in vain. To feel this is the just and saving step towards the Christian life—to act thus is to be a Christian.

To the many the Bible is a sealed Book—little read, and still less understood. With the child it is too often associated with ideas of gloom, and dullness, and a task—and this feeling grows up with him. But such things ought not to be. Few books may be made more interesting, even to children; for its thrilling incidents, and lovely characters, and beautiful imagery when understood, take a strong hold in their pure and susceptible hearts. But it needs much explanation and illustration. The Bible is written in a style essentially different from that of the present age. The events related occurred among a people whose manners, and habits of thinking and feeling, and institutions were all unlike our own. Their laws, and customs, and religious rites were all peculiar, and the scenery and natural objects are those of another climate. 'The Jews delighted' in bold and figurative language—in similes—in parables—and every truth is found illustrated by some of these peculiarities. To enable the young therefore to understand the Bible, and to feel an interest in its lessons, They must be led to feel the force and beauty of these illustrations by familiar explanations. With slight alterations we may adapt them to our own acquaintance and neighborhood and times, and they produce a realising sense of the great moral lesson intended to be conveyed. Bringing it home to our own 'business and bosoms,' it will operate with increased power, and be changed from a cold, general moral precept, falling on the ear in tones not felt or understood, into a living and life-giving truth.

To gain the love and excite the interest of the scholar seems to me the great secret of successful education, and the Teacher that does this must be instrumental of good. For this purpose familiar conversations are recommended. It has been beautifully said that 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy.' The child is always sensitive, and full of kindly emotions, and his heart will thrill and his eye listen involuntarily at the recital of any touching story. Instinctively will he turn from vice and cling to virtue, and with an unerring quickness which should shame his elders. The heart of the child is almost ever pure, and loving, and its right and gentle affections may be drawn out and cultivated at the will of the Teacher. And is not this a glorious privilege, and should it not be an incentive to exertion—the thought that we are teaching young immortals, and sowing seed which in after years, with the blessing of God, may bear much and noble fruit. If the Teacher's heart fails and is discouraged, let him think of this, and go onward in his labors with renewed courage, perseverance, devotion, and success.

The progress of the Class under my charge is gratifying. They seem attached to the school, and desirous to reap its benefits by punctual attendance, and good attention to their lessons. With one or two exceptions they are deserving of the highest praise. I find the conversational mode of instruction interests them more than any other, and I shall adopt it more and more—using the Question Book chiefly as affording a subject for conversation. While it is more pleasing to the scholar, the Teacher will find it more useful and exciting to himself, and a reciprocal benefit will thus be derived from the plan, and he will ever find to that in proportion to his own exertions, will he be benefited in his own heart and mind by this labor of love to the young. For myself I bless the day which made me a humble yet willing Sabbath School Teacher, and feel that I have derived good from the connection, if corresponding good has not been imparted to my pupils.

Yours respectfully, C. J. F.

Nashua, Sept. 30th, 1837.

'LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.'

This precious part of the Lord's Prayer came powerfully into our mind during the past week, on reading in our exchange and other newspapers, the catalogoue of murders, robberies, and other fearful crimes, all over the country; and on seeing so many persons of all ages and classes out of employment, and, amidst plenty, almost starving, and begging for employment and the means of obtaining a subsistence. Never have we seen so many young men of respectable families, seeking places as clerks or almost any thing by which they could procure an honest living. One young man, who brought the best recommendations from his late employer in Philadelphia, came to Pittsburgh for a place; on failing here, he pushed his way westward, remarking, that he supposed more than five hundred clerks had recently been discharged in Philadelphia, and could find no employment. We suppose there are now in Pittsburgh and its neighborhood, more than one hundred clerks similarly situated. Many men with families, heretofore engaged in the woollen business and other trades now extremely dull, are in a like situation. Hundreds of families with no heads but poor widowed mothers; or what is still worse—drunken, depraved fathers, are unprovided for the coming winter and are in fact begging work for present support. Such, we regret to say, is a true representation of the circumstances of many at the present time; and it is painful to see so many unprovided with means of removing to other places, or who, if they possessed means would not, from their peculiar situation and habits, be a profitable or desirable accession to any community at the present time.

What, then, in the present dull state of trade, can be done for full one third of the community, who are idle or have but little to do? We know not; we feel at a loss to suggest any present method of relief; but we beg all who have it in their power, to afford all possible relief, accompanied with good advice. We recommend all who are in needy circumstances to look to the Father of mercies for his divine aid and blessing; to ponder well on their ways; to cast off the pride of the world, which holds so many in servile thraldom, and submit to circumstances, learning the art of living honestly and decently on small means, and looking for more auspicious times. Never let them be led into temptation, and commit public or private wrongs, that would injure their neighbor and society, blast their own reputation for ever—and perhaps consign them to the prison or solitary cell.

We have been reduced as low as almost any family or any man in our pecuniary means, yet we have always realized the beauties of the 47th Psalm, which we recommend all to read and reflect upon. Let our daily prayer be—'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.' Just as we were closing our remark, a veteran who had been in the country's battles, and passed through the miseries of war, pestilence and famine, warmed our zeal in the cause of the poor. 'I have,' said he, 'always found my mother's favorite—the 103d Psalm, my protection; it has led me on in the path of peace and duty, and thank God, I never did, never will suffer: he that trusts in God, shall never be confounded.'

The joys of the world are evanescent, and he who pursues them sinks in despair, when he finds that they fade as he grasps them; but the faithful servant of the Lord, in the hour of adversity, sees inscribed on the pages of eternal truth—'Be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.'—*Pittsburg Intelligencer.*

THE HARP AND THE LYRE.

From an Article on Egyptian Antiquities in the London Athenæum.

The harp is an instrument of frequent occurrence; its shape gives some probability to an ancient theory, that the first notion of stringed instruments was derived from the twanging of a bow. The principles of its construction have been highly eulogized by practical musicians; it has been observed, that the absence of a fore-piece opposite to the principal string, must have improved its tone, but, at the same time, must have weakened the instrument, and rendered it more liable to accidents. In the harps of some male performers we find this deficiency supplied; the fore-piece is usually a carved head with the high conical cap peculiar to the Egyptians, and rising up in consequence to rather more than half the height of the harp.

The lyre is the favorite instrument of most ancient nations. Apollodorus declares that it was an Egyptian invention, or rather discovery, of which he gives us the following account. A dead tortoise was left on the banks of the Nile by the retiring waters; the flesh soon wasted away, and nothing remained within the shell but nerves and cartilages; these were braced as they dried in the solar heat and became sonorous. Mercury happening to strike his foot against it as he passed along, he was attracted by the sound it produced, and a closer examination suggested to him the notion of the lyre, which he afterwards constructed of the same shape as the dead tortoise, using the dried sinews of animals for strings. The shape of the lyre probably gave rise to this fanciful story, and the instrument called *Chelys* by the Greeks, and *testudo* by the Romans, both of which words signify a tortoise. It deserves to be remarked, that the number of strings to the harp varies, but the true tortoise lyre has always seven, as was supposed, in a mystic allusion to the number of the planets, and the imaginary harmony of their spheres.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor—You would gratify me, by copying the lines which have recently appeared in the Western Messenger entitled *The Blind Christian*—and which your readers will recognize as from the pen of a former valued correspondent. They possess that beautiful simplicity and pure tone, which characterise the verses of the author, and which will commend them to all. For the many friends who enjoy the acquaintance of their *Subject*—the exemplary christian, the affectionate husband, father and grandfather—they possess a deeper interest. Let all regard in them the faithful portraiture of one, who, though shut out from the beauties of the material world, yet lives in a world of higher beauty—even the quiet world of christian faith, of expansive love and of heavenly hope; in the words of the Poet, and of Him from whom the Poet has caught his inspiration, of one whose kingdom is indeed within.

Quincy. F. A. W.

THE BLIND CHRISTIAN.

He sits with darkness round him,
But all is bright within,
Though sightless age has bound him,
His heart is free from sin.

He cannot see our features,
But our voices make him glad:
Among his fellow creatures
He never can be sad.

Warm is his hand's long pressure
Whene'er we meet, or part;—
It tells us of the measure
Of his o'erflowing heart.

It tells us of his kindness
And his soul's constancy:
As if amid his blindness
His eyes must sometimes see.

Around in joyous dances
His children's children play:
He never saw their faces
But he hears each word they say.

So calm his soul and cheerful
Midst woes he may not speak;
While eyes that see are tearful,
A smile is on his cheek.

His locks lie thin and hoary
Back from his calm, high brow
O'er which a sunset glory
Is brightening even now.

The world may jar—may alter;
His kingdom is within;—
A faith that cannot falter
A soul unknown to sin.

Oh, thus let age steal o'er me
Like twilight's gradual shade;
With the star of eve before me
Can I be then afraid?

C. P. C.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 9, 1837.

FROM OUR ODD DRAWER.

THE DAWN. THE NIGHT. THE NEW MORNING

2. *The Night.*

At the close of one of the golden days of early Autumn, a Sister and Brother ascended, hand in hand, an irregular and rocky eminence, that, rising abruptly from the road-side, directly opposite to a neat white cottage which they called Home, commanded an extensive and enchanting view.

Having gained the summit, they stood in affectionate embrace, leaning against the bars of a rude and ancient fence covered with lichens,—which of old had been the boundary of their twilight ramble—intently watching the splendid pageant that was preparing in the western sky.

To say that the former was beautiful, would be leaving the greater part untold. Her's was all the rich bloom of perfect health; yet as delicate, etherial, and pure, as that which flushes, and exhales in fragrant breath from the Sweet Briar Rose—which feeds upon the dew, and assimilates by sacred processes the purest essence from the bosom of the holy earth. And as to her countenance, no one marked whether the features were finely turned and gracefully proportioned: for they were all alive with soul—nay, the spirit seemed to come out and gleam and play upon their surface, like a transparent veil of Auroral light—and this, rather than the lineaments of her face, gave one his impression of her beauty. And, if *Love* and *Joy* are beautiful in all their expressions and signs, then few of the daughters of Eve are fairer to contemplate—for these were the elements of her spirit.

She was evidently younger than the Brother upon whose shoulder her cheek rested—who could not have long passed the boundary between youth and manhood—and yet was pale and dejected; and trode the earth more like an old man, who has outlived his life, and finds the way of his pilgrimage a desert of deep sand whose springs are all dry.

'Behold! dearest Brother—whispered a voice like the linnet's—how majestically the setting Sun gathers about him the broad floating mantle of his glory, as he sinks, sinks, sinks, calm and graceful, behind those distant hills. And see how the host of clouds gather about his retiring chariot, to wave adieu with their fleecy banners, and gild their wings in his parting smile, as they crown him king of this splendid day. Come, beloved, and let us together taste, as we used to do, the luxury of silent adoration at eventide, on this mountain-altar of our youthful sacrifice. Let me feel, once more, that thy whole heart is flowing out with mine to mingle in sweet sympathy with this peaceful glow of nature, and become absorbed, for a blissful hour, in the spirit of the universe. Come Brother, give free wing again to that gay fancy that once kept equal pace with mine—and let our souls fly on and on even to the Heaven of Heavens, through the celestial gate that the Lord of day has opened before us into the region of the Blessed See! see! there are those same fairy islands, in that calm yellow sea, to which you used to point my vision in those sweet days before you left our humble cottage for the mighty world. Come, and let us launch to night our spirit-barks with the adventurous confidence of Children of God, and pay an angel's visit to their peaceful shores. That bold and towering headland be your place of pilgrimage; and yon little Archipelago, I will explore.'

'You must, to fairy-land alone, sweet Sister, now. But go—and Heaven and all its bright visions attend you. Those Eden-like pictures my eye cannot see. In the press of the world my soul has lost its wings. Joy and Peace and Confidence—once mine as yours—are now but a dream—a dim memory—a dimmer hope: while Self, and Gloom and Doubt are my reality. And yet, thank God, one reality, that has in itself much of Heaven and of Childhood, I press to my heart in thee. [As he spoke, he kissed her forehead, and a tear dropped unnoticed upon her glossy ringlets]. But I would not ruffle thy affectionate breast with even the mention of my care. Suffice it sister for thee to know, that my heart is not shut nor cold to thyself. But seek not to descend into the dark prison-house of my mind, to explore its gloomy mysteries. They are not for such as thou art to read. Seek not to lighten my sorrow by sharing it, but rather to lead me from myself by the sight of thine own joy. Be thyself still, and so do the kindest office for me.'

'Indeed, dearest, I know not the meaning of your strange words: and yet will try to do as you desire me. Only I hope that it is not *Remorse* which makes you miserable—for that I have heard is terrible—terrible indeed to bear. But *that* it cannot be with thee—model of my man, idol of my girlish reverence and love. But, look abroad, yet once more—even if it *be* the consciousness of guile that embitters thy spirit—and see, see, how insignia of *love* and *forgiveness* and *promise* illuminate the whole Heavens, and gild the whole earth, and even, my brother, are reflected from thine own pale and anxious brow, as a sacred sign that thou too art sprinkled with the universal Baptism of the Creator's mercy—Hail the beautiful omen—God smiles on *thee*, on thee as on *me*—as on all. Open thine eye to see, and thine heart to feel—for if He indeed smiles upon thy soul, be its darkness what it may, it will speedily give place to the serene and fadeless Light of Life.'

'Sister, the tones of an Angel of Mercy are in thy voice: and while thou hast been singing this Psalm of Heaven in my ear—a dim vision of Eternal love has passed before my unclosing eye. But it is gone—gone. Peace and this bosom are no longer one. But, pray for me, Beloved: and be the burden of thy pure petition—that *Childhood* may come back to me, that my soul may be born again.'

But now the sun had set—and beautiful night was calmly unfurling her spangled curtain before the splendid scenery of the west, and slowly and silently the orphans went down to their home.

The Child of the Garden was the Man of the Mount.

The story of his twenty years, would to God there were need to tell.

Even while under the shelter of the vine and fig tree of his Birth-place, the serpent had beguiled him—but a Mother and a Father watched over him, and he did not fall.

A few more summers shed their sunshine upon his heart, and their blossoms beneath his innocent feet—and the day came when he must step forth, and be tried and buffeted by a cold and dangerous world. Then, he heard a language which he understood not—and strange and wild desires and imaginations crept into his breast—and passions burned, and lusts brooded, and doubts haunted—and in the hurry and excitement and confusion, the crown of infancy dropped from his brow, the seal of heaven faded from his forehead, the light of his soul grew dim—and behold it was Night. And in his thick darkness he remembered the

Star of his Home—and sick at heart, turned from the scene of his business and his strife, and was soon, with a joy that thrilled through his deepest soul, girdled by the arms of innocence. But still it was NIGHT.

DE WETTE'S INTRODUCTION TO THE OLD TESTAMENT.

It gives us great pleasure to learn from their Circular, that Crocker and Brewster, 47 Washington street, Boston, propose publishing by subscription, a Translation of De Wette's Introduction to the Old Testament, if sufficient encouragement is given.

'The author is well known on both sides the Atlantic as a critic and Theologian. Of all his numerous works this has met with the most favorable reception in Germany. It reached four editions in a short time, from the last of which the present translation is made.

The design of the book may be thus briefly stated. It comprises three divisions.

I. On the Bible in general. Containing an examination and history of the canon.

II. A General Introduction to the Old Testament. This includes an account of the original language of the Old Testament, and of the means of acquiring a knowledge of it: an account of the ancient versions, their nature, and value: a history of the text: the theory of the criticism of the text: critical aids and maxims.

III. A particular Introduction to each of the canonical books of the Old Testament. In this division, the author refers to all the most valuable works upon the subjects he discusses, thus affording an excellent guide to a large amount of critical and theological literature. He discusses the character, author, and age of each book, with all the critical questions connected with it.

The translation has been made by Mr Theodore Parker. It is now ready for the press, and will be published in one volume 12mo. on a fair type and good paper. Price $1,25. The work will be put to press as soon as 300 subscribers are obtained.'

From our acquaintance with Mr Parker, and from the Specimens we have frequently seen of his talent as a Translator, we are confident that he has executed this task with distinguished ability.

The work will be very valuable to all students of the Scriptures, and it is to be hoped that it will meet with an extensive circulation.

THE LADY'S BOOK, AND LADY'S MAGAZINE.

The publishers of this popular and extensively circulated Periodical have made arrangements to increase its value and interest for the ensuing year.

The accomplished Editor, *Mrs. Hale*, is to be regularly assisted in the conduct of the Magazine by *Miss Leslie*; and many of the best writers in the U. S. both of Prose and of Poetry, are to lend their contributions to adorn the pages of the work.

Every number will contain a Colored Plate of Fashions—and two pages of fashionable Music.

The Dec. No. is on our Table, which closes the XV. volume.

Terms three dollars per annum.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN ARABIA, THE HOLY LAND &C.

Wm. D. Ticknor has received a supply of the Second Edition of this delightful work, ornamented and illustrated with a map and plates.

A more entertaining book of Travels has seldom if ever been written—and, from the peculiar and sacred interest which attaches to the countries whose most important features it describes, as well as from the scanty knowledge which we have hitherto had concerning them, it needs but to be favorably mentioned to be extensively purchased, and read.

N. B. It is an excellent book for Sunday School and other Libraries.

The Religious Magazine, and Family Miscellany for Dec. is accompanied by an Editorial notice informing the public that in the conduct of the New Vol. New Series, professor Andrews is to have associated with him as joint editors, Messrs. Jacob Abbott, Hubbard Winslow, John S.C.Abbott and Nehemiah Adams; that each of the gentlemen thus associated, no less than the present editor, will hold himself responsible for the manner in which the Magazine shall hereafter be conducted, and that no effort will be spared to render the Magazine in every respect worthy of public patronage.

NEVER DESPAIR.—A Tale of the Emigrants. Founded on fact. Boston:—Whipple & Damrell.

This little book, whose author we understand is, Mr Bokum, a German, well known and highly esteemed in this community—is very well written, interesting, and full of generous and worthy sentiments. It will be entertaining and useful, not only to the German Emigrants, but to the youth of America.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL GUIDE, AND PARENTS MANUAL.—By A. B. Muzzey, Author of 'The Young Man's Friend.' Boston: James Munroe and Co. and Benjamin H. Greene. 1838.

We have had an opportunity as yet, only to glance at the Preface and Table of Contents of this Book; by the character of which we are induced to anticipate much pleasure and edification from a more attentive perusal.

Mr Muzzey is already very deservedly popular as a devotional and practical writer, and no one among us would be better calculated to prepare a wise and useful Guide and *vade mecum* for the Sunday School Teacher. We shall make an extract or two next week—and in the mean time, cannot but express the hope and conviction that the Book will find its way speedily into all our Sunday Schools. The volume is in very neat form, well printed—and consists of about 220 pages.

The installation of Rev. Mr Briggs as Associate Pastor with Dr Kendall of Plymouth is appointed for the 3d day of January next,

WARREN STREET CHAPEL.

The lecture on Tuesday Evening next will be delivered by Rev. Andrew P. Peabody of Portsmouth, N. H. at seven o'clock.

Tickets may be had at the door.

INTELLIGENCE.

War in Canada.—By intelligence received in this city on the 3d inst. it appears that the troubles in Canada had taken a still more warlike character. The fortification at St. Charles mentioned in our last, has been attacked by a large body of Royalist troops, and destroyed. The accounts, however, of those who attacked and those who defended it, differ. The Royalists in their account claim the victory, and state the loss of the Revolutionists as very great. On the other hand the Revolutionists claim the victory, and state that the Royalist army is entirely dispersed.

The probability is, that the Royalist account of success is substantially correct, as regards the first part of the battle; but that the result of the whole fight may be somewhat as stated by the Revolutionists. It appears that the fort was attacked on the night of Saturday the 25th. The following account of the battle from the Burlington Free Press, is an extract of a letter of Mr Whittemoro, at St Albans, whose information was received on Tuesday by a messenger who brought despatches from Mr Brown, the Revolutionist leader, dated at St Charles, Monday, 11 o'clock.

At 11 o'clock on the evening of the 25th inst. the regular and volunteer British forces 1200 strong, made an unexpected assault upon the fort at St Charles, about 36 miles from Montreal. The assault was urged and resisted with the greatest obstinacy and most determined resolution on both sides until near morning, when the British were suddenly attacked in the rear by about 1600 patriots from St Mathias, 14 miles distant, who, hearing the cannonading, rushed to the rescue, and came up just in time to save the fort which was about being captured. The royalists immediately fled in all directions into the woods with the patriots at their heels, and will probably nearly all be killed or taken prisoners, as the patriots under the orders of Gen. Brown had previously cut of all means of retreat or escape, by destroying the boats in the river Richelieu, and stationing forces in the only places where they might retreat. When the express left St Charles at 7, A. M. on the 26th the patriots were in the pursuit. The patriots lost in the assault on the fort about 200 men in killed and wounded. The loss of the assailants not known. They left behind them two pieces of cannon but did not burn the village of St Charles.

We quote the following from the same account.

An express has arrived, requesting that the steamboats be sent to St. Johns immediately. The inhabitants were leaving Montreal, and the banks of that place and Quebec are forwarding their specie to the States.

Commandant Brown, in his letter, says—'the troops are flying in all directions—the patriots in hot pursuit, and it is hardly possible that a single soldier shall return to Montreal.'

Bank Convention.—A convention has recently been in session in New York city, considering and discussing the subject of the resumption of specie payments. The following account of their doings was given in the Daily Advertiser of Tuesday.

The convention of delegates from the principal banking institutions in the Union, adjourned on Saturday, and the delegates from this city arrived in town late on Sunday evening.

We learn that the convention, after full consideration of the state of the currency, in the different parts of the Union, deemed it unsafe to name absolutely, at the present time, the earliest day on which they presume that specie payment may be resumed. They therefore adjourned to the second Wednesday of April next, then to meet again at New York, for the purpose of fixing an early day for the resumption of specie payments, if at that time the state of the country shall be such as in their opinion to make it practicable so to do.

The committee having reported a resolution fixing the 1st day of July next, as the day on which in their opinion there may be a general resumption of specie payments, the discussion took place on that proposition, and on the proposition finally adopted, which was moved as a substitute for the proposition of the committee.

We learn that the principal banks of eighteen States, and those of the District of Columbia were represented. On the motion to strike out the proposition reported by the committee, the vote was carried by ten votes in the affirmative and eight in the negative. The votes on this motion were as follows: Yeas—Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and South Carolina. Nays—New York, Dist. Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana. Maine was divided. The important States of Louisiana, Tennessee, and Alabama were not represented. After carrying the above vote, the following resolutions were proposed and adopted.

Resolved, That this Convention entertains a deep anxiety and a firm determination to accomplish the resumption of specie payments at the earliest period when it can be permanently practicable.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Convention the present circumstances of the country are not such as to make it expedient or prudent now to fix a day for the resumption of specie payments.

Resolved, That when the Convention terminates its present session it shall be adjourned to meet in the City of New York on the second Wednesday of April next, for the purpose of then considering, and, if practicable, determining upon the day when specie payments may be resumed.

Resolved, That this Convention strongly recommends to all the Banks in the United States to continue by proper measures to prepare themselves for a return to specie pay ments within the shortest practicable period after the next meeting of the Convention.

Resolved, That the Banks in those States which are not now represented be earnestly requested to send delegates to the adjourned meeting of this Convention; and that the several delegates from all the States be desired to procure all such information in regard to the condition of the Banks in their respective States, as may be attainable.

Frightful Mortality.—The N. York Journal of Commerce says—'a letter from the Capt. of the ship Nestor, hence at N. Orleans states that of 212 passengers who went out in that ship, 162 died previous to Oct. 4th, chiefly of Yellow Fever, and that on the 19th, only ten out of the whole number survived. The Nestor left N. York on the 22d of August.'

Earthquake.—The brig Patsey B. Blount, at N. York, from St. Catharines, Brazil, reports that on her outward passage, at 1-2 past 2 o'clock, in the morning of June 23d, being 27 miles South of the Equator, long. 25 W. a heavy shock of an Earthquake was felt. It lasted about 6 seconds, and made a noise resembling distant thunder. The sky was clear, wind S E.

State House Burnt.—The State of Missouri, at Jefferson city, was burnt down on the night of the 15th inst and all the papers in the office of the Secretary of the State were destroyed. Part of the State Library was also destroyed. The greater part of the papers in the office of Auditor of the Public Accounts were saved.

Texas.—Accounts have been received at New Orleans from Texas to the 1st inst. The Congress was in session, and the two Houses were discussing a bill for the issue of Treasury drafts for the payment of the public debt. The House was in favor of the issue of three millions, the supposed amount of the public debt, with a pledge of the public domain, and of the public faith for their redemption. The Senate was for limiting the issue to one million, for fear that the issue of so large an amount would tend to depreciate their value. Mr Le Brambe, our Charge d'Affaires had arrived and had presented his credentials.

THE LATE JOHN COTTON. The newspapers of this week have announced the decease of this estimable citizen. Mr Cotton was a native of this city, and almost from the moment of his entrance upon the stage of manhood, has been extensively known and valued for his intelligence, sound principles, urbanity of manners, and fidelity in his friendship. He had been something of a traveller in the early part of his life, and his reading was entensive and judicious. His power of observation was active, and his memory retentive; and whatever knowledge he gained by reading or personal observation, he knew how to apply to the advantage and the pleasure of himself and his friends. Mr Cotton was one of the original members of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, and filled successively the offices of Secretary, Trustee, Vice-President, President and Treasurer. He had been several times elected a Representative in the Legislature, and three times a Senator. For some years his physical infirmities have been severely afflictive, but his suffering never affected the serenity of his temper or the uniform gentlemanliness of his deportment. Domestic calamities were frequent in his family. Son after son he had followed to the grave—some in manhood's early prime, some in their youthful promise, and some in the tenderness of childhood. He has gone to the great assembly, of which they form a part, lamented by numerous acquaintances, friends, and relatives, but leaving them a cheering example of industrious habit, honorable principle, and virtuous character, which should soothe the poignancy of regret and console the sorrows of affection.—*Courier.*

Congress.—The two houses of Congress met on Monday, according to adjournment. In the Senate 34 members were present, and in the House 164. Joint committees were chosen to wait on the President, and inform him that the two houses were ready to receive any communication he might have to make.

The House agreed to meet for the present at 12 o'clock.

The President's Message was sent to the two houses on Tuesday. It was received in this city on Thursday.

From Europe.—The following extract and statements were collected by the Daily Advertiser from late London papers.

In the Morning Chronicle of Oct. 18, we find the following remarks, in reply to an article which had appeared in the Times of the preceding day.

'The exertions made by American merchants to liquidate their debts to this country have, in fact, exceeded all expectation. The Courier, we believe, is not far from the mark when it states, "that it is the firm conviction of those best acquainted with the condition and capabilities of the American houses indebted to England, that 12, or at the outside 15 per cent, will fully cover all the loss that will be incurred by this country in the adjustment of the mercantile debt due to her by the Union." Of course, this has no reference to money vested in American stocks, which is not of the nature of a debt.'

The fishery on the coast of Norway the last season has been abundant beyond all precedent. The Herring fishery in the Spring, furnished 600,000 casks—a quantity double that of the most abundant years. The consequence is, that the price of this article is fallen so low, that herrings exported have not brought more than those of last year, when the produce was much less abundant.

The Queen of Holland died on the 12th. In consequence of this event, the royal speech on the opening of the Legislative Chambers, which took place on the 14th, was delivered by commission, and read by the Minister of the Interior.

Locomotive Power.—On Wednesday last, Mr Norris, of Philadelphia, made trial of a Locomotive engine, built by him for the Austrian Government, to be used on a rail road between Vienna and Trieste. The trial was made in presence of a number of gentlemen, on the inclined plane near Philadelphia. This plane is 2800 feet in length, and ascends at the rate of 369 feet in a mile. The engine ascended the plane in three minutes and fifteen seconds, dragging two loaded cars, and sixty-three passengers—the weight in motion, including that of the engine and tender, being 48,500 lbs. In descending, the load was increased by a large addition to the number of persons, and at three different times the train was brought to a dead stand by the power of the engine alone.—*Daily Advertiser.*

CIRCULAR.

To the Inhabitants of Plymouth County.

Fellow Citizens,—The Legislature of this Commonwealth at their last session established a 'Board of Education,' consisting of eight persons, besides the Governor and Lieutenant Governor. The object of this Board is 'to collect information of the actual condition and efficiency of the common schools, and then suggest the most practicable means of improving and extending them.' This Board has chosen a Secretary, Hon. Horace Mann, late President of the Senate, who has gone through the State and explored, as he was able, the condition of our schools. He has met conventions, gathered by invitation of the Board, in every county. A large and most respectable meeting of such delegates was held at Plymouth, October 24th, when the 'Plymouth County Association for the improvement of our common schools,' was formed, embracing members of all sects in religion and parties in politics The Hon. N. M. Davis was chosen President—Hon. Seth Sprague Jr., Rev. Samuel Nott and Hon. John A. Shaw, Vice Presidents, and Rev. Charles Brooks Secretary.

The Convention passed the following resolution: '*Resolved*, That Rev. Messrs. C. Brooks, S. J. May and J. Moore be a committee to prepare an Address to the citizens of this County.'

In compliance with this vote, we beg leave, in behalf of the Association, respectfully to urge the importance of a *new and united interest in the common schools of our county.* Town schools, the standing monuments of the profound wisdom and far sighted patriotism of our pious fathers, have been the busy benefactors of every generation. Nineteen twentieths of the population of this country depend on the common schools for elementary education. The laws relating to public instruction are wise and patriotic; and the Association are anxious to aid all our town schools in becoming what these laws require. We would have them keep pace with the advancement of the age, so as to furnish our children with the knowledge and virtue which will enable them to make the most of themselves amidst the new opportunities for usefulness which are continually arising in our young republic.

We deeply lament the general want of interest in our elementary schools. This is an unnatural state of things. It cannot be a question with any one, whether we should have our children enlightened and virtuous, or ignorant and wicked. We fear there is too much selfishness in the love of parents. This love wants generosity; it wants disinterestedness; it wants purity and spirituality. Children are loved too much as a source of gratification or profit; their own good is not regarded or promoted as it should be at the expense of almost any sacrifice. Parents may be assured there is no sacrifice that will more surely bring its reward. We would therefore call the attention of parents to the prossing importance of this paramount concern. No parent's heart, unless truth and nature have been rooted out of it, can be regardless of the influence which schools are exerting on the present condition and future destiny of his children. Parents hold their children, not as property, but in trust, and are therefore bound by the most definite obligations to fit them for the exigencies and allotments of human life. If parents withhold from their offspring the means of physical, intellectual and moral developement, they do thereby stint their abilities, abridge their usefulness and prevent their enjoyment. Parents have a most responsible mission; and their mission, in this respect is, to see that their children have the means of becoming all that God has given them the power to become. Those parents, therefore, who spend their money chiefly for the supply of the outward wants of their children, overlook the higher uses for which money, as a means, was given, namely, for the widening of the intellectual vision by knowledge, and for the expanding of the moral affections by beneficence.

Our town schools are invaluable *because* they are elementary; and as such, they ask the fostering care of every true republican and every christian philanthropist. We fear this view of the subject is misapprehended. Colleges end academies are thought to be institutions of greater importance and are more frequently the objects of public and private charity. We value all seminaries of learning; but we put our town schools before and above all others in importance. We would, therefore, urge you first of all to see that your school committees are composed of men who feel a lively interest in education, who are competent to examine with thoroughness the applicants for schools, and who dare reject those who cannot give satisfactory evidence of intellectual competency and moral qualification. If the committee see that the laws are put in execution; that proper books are provided; that the examinations are made by themselves at least four times a year, and that accurate returns of all school statistics are furnished to the Secretary at Boston, there will be a new energy imparted to our system of public instruction. We would suggest whether the prudential committee in any town should ever engage a teacher for his district; but whether he should not nominate his candidate to the whole board. If the school committee be faithless, in their high trust, a central wheel of the great machine is broken. We hope that legislative provision will be made for the payment of such committees.

With regard to the multiplication of school districts, we think that the plan recently adopted by several towns might be advantageously copied elsewhere. They have established one or two High Schools in central places, with competent masters, for all the larger children who are within three miles of the house. Such a school is kept through the year, while the smaller children are instructed by females in the present districts. This plan takes the money now paid to several masters (whose board, wood and wages, soon exhaust all that is raised by any town) and appropriates it to a permanent school. Thus our short-lived, insufficient, and, we may add, *expensive* schools give place to one kept through the year by an accomplished and well-prepared teacher. And we deem the difference between a transient, merely money-making master, and one whose heart and life are devoted to education, to be the difference between the meteor's random flash and the planet's steady light.

Of the books in common use we think many of them very defective. School books should be in a series, and intelligible progression should be a prime characteristics. They should aim, not to load the memory, but *to tempt forth thought and to form character*—the two great desiderata in education. They should be faithful transcripts of intellectual and moral life, level to the comprehension and attractive to the taste of children.

Most urgently do we recommend the extensive use of apparatus and libraries for schools. They are to learners much what the mechanic's tools are to workmen. The glance of a pupil's eye will often explain more of a subject to him than a month's unassisted recitation. Terrestrial globes, three feet in diameter, should be provided by government.

With regard to the topics of study, we approve those already introduced; yet, we wish that the time, now almost wasted, in the ordinary way of teaching grammar, might be used in teaching the obvious truths of natural history and natural philosophy. We also deem the study of some easy treatise on politics, like 'Sullivan's Political Class Book,' as necessary to every American child; for every such child should know what a republic is, and that its safety and honor depend on the prevalence of knowledge and virtue in the people.

We particularly recommend lectures. We hope the time is not distant when our school teachers will be able to prepare fit lectures upon all the common truths of science, history and life; and when the children will be called, after their delivery, to discuss all the connected questions which their minds can grasp. This exercise will teach them to think consequitively and to express their thoughts accurately.

Life is given to us here for education, and therefore we would urge, as the basis of all true culture, the inculcation of christian morality. On this subject we most heartily commend to your adoption the injunctions of the law as they stand in the Revised Statutes, Part I. Chap. 23. They are these. 'It shall be the duty of all instructors of youth, to exert their best endeavors, to impress on the minds of children and youth, committed to their care and instruction, the principles of piety, justice and a sacred regard to truth, love to their country, humanity and universal benevolence, sobriety, industry and frugality, chastity, moderation and temperance, and those other virtues which are the ornament of human society and the basis on which a republican constitution is founded; and it shall be the duty of such instructors to endeavor to lead their pupils, as their ages and capacities will admit, into a clear understanding of the tendency of the above mentioned virtues to preserve and perfect a republican constitution and secure the blessings of liberty, as well as to promote their future happiness, and also point out to them the evil tendency of the opposite vices.'

Allow us to say a word of school houses. Enlightened economy requires that they should be located in quiet and easily accessible places, that they should be large in dimensions, having a small recitation-room attached; high ceilings, in which is a hole for ventilation; well lighted, and amply provided with dry wood.

The Convention passed unanimously the following resolution: '*Resolved*, That Education means the leading forth ALL the powers of the pupil in their natural order, proper time and due proportion; and that this process requires purposely-prepared teachers, and therefore Teachers' Seminaries, for the consummation of this delicate, difficult and responsible work, are necessary.'

We honor the school master and wish to see him admitted to those social considerations and rewarded by that generous support which in justice belong to the trust-worthy, intelligent and pious teacher. Of all dear things on earth the dearest, we think, is a cheap school master.

We are confident that the extended instruction, answering to the advanced condition of society, can be communicated in all our town schools by having for them an enlightened supervision, purposely-prepared teachers and rational books.

It is the wish of the 'Plymouth County Association,' now formed, to meet in differeni parts of the County as they shall be invited, and there to collect and communicate such information as shall improve our common schools. In this noble, holy and patriotic cause, fellow citizens, we ask your ready and strong co-operation. Give us your right hand; and then with one heart and one mind—remembering the Rock of Plymouth—let us go forward together; and not be content until we have appropriated all the good we find in other places, and perfected whatever of good now rests among ourselves.

For the Committee,

CHARLES BROOKS, *Chairman.*

Hingham, November 8, 1837.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr James S. Amory to Miss Mary Copley, daughter of the late Gardiner Greene, Esq.

In this city, on Tuesday 28th ult., by Rev. Mr Capen, Mr Ubert L. Pettingill to Miss Rachel C. Kent, both of Boston.

On Thursday 16 ult. by Rev. Mr Pierpont, Mr Josiah W. Carney, of Cincinnati, (Ohio,) to Miss Betsey L. Vose, daughter of Mr Joshua V. of Boston.

By Rev. Mr Gray, Mr William Kissick to Miss Arria Burbank.

By Right Rev. Bishop Griswold, Mr Rufus Ellis to Mrs Eliza B. Mauran.

In Walpole, on Sunday, by Rev. Mr Storer, Hon. Joseph Hawes to Mrs Olive Clapp.

In Quincy, Ebenezer Woodward, M. D. to Miss Mary Ann, second daughter of Hon. Th. Greenleaf.

In Kingston, on the 30th ult. by Rev. Mr Sweet, Mr Horatio Washburn to Miss Sarah Adams Bailey, both of K.; Mr James Wheaton Holmes to Miss Lucia McLauthlen, both of K.

In Cambridgeport, Mr Abijah E. Hildreth, of this city, to Miss Eliza P. White, of C.

In Brookline, on Thursday, Mr James Andem to Miss Catharine B. Griggs.

In Malden, on the 1st inst., Mr Amos Sargent to Miss Esther Oakes.

In Brunswick, Me., on the 30th ult., by Rev. Mr Adams, Peleg Whitman Chandler, Esq. of this city, to Miss Martha Ann Bush, daughter of Professor Cleaveland, of Bowdoin College.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Thursday morning 30th ult. Mrs Mary Herbert, 54.

In this city of typhus fever, Mrs Sarah, wife of Mr Jeffrey Richardson, and daughter of Lemuel Bracket, Esq. of Quincy, in the 30th year of her age.

Miss Nancy B. daughter of I. C. Pray, Esq. 15.

Mr Joshua Sampson, 36; Mr Purley Utley.

In this city, of apoplexy, Thomas Green Fessenden, Esq. the editor of the New England Farmer. He was a man of most amiable character, of excellent principles, and of extensive information. His literary attainments were highly respectable, and he is the author of several useful publications, well known to the public, and had been for many years, the editor of that valuable weekly publication, the New England Farmer.

In Hingham, Mrs Susan J. wife of Edward Thaxter, Esq. 46.

In Charlestown, 2d inst, George Abbott, son of Francis Lawrence, 2 years and 2 months.

In West Cambridge, 1st inst, John Tufts, 30.

In Waltham 26th ult, Mr Nathan Locke, Jr. 42.

In Eastham, Mrs Susanna, widow of the late Mr Joshua Knowles, 91.

In Ellsworth, Me. 25 ult, Mrs Mary, wife of Rev. P. Nourse, 63, and daughter of Rev. Caleb Barnum, late of Taunton, Ms.

In Newburyport, 7th inst, suddenly, Mrs Sarah Allen, wife of Samuel Phillips, Esq. of that place, and daughter of the late Capt. Benj. Swett, of Salem, aged 31.

In Sherburne, suddenly, Silas Stone, Esq. 44.

In Springfield, 18th inst. Mrs Mary, wife of Capt. W. H. Swift, U. S. Army.

In Andover, 18th inst. George Herbert, eldest son of Professor B. B. Edwards, aged 3 yrs. and 9 mths.

In Billerica, 18th inst, Timothy Martin Minot, Esq. 80.

In New Bedford, 29th ult. Mr Shadrach Standish, 92. He was a lineal descendant of Miles Standish, 'the brave and trusted leader' of the Pilgrims of Plymouth rock He has left to his descendants the attractive example of a useful and honorable career, and the rich legacy of an unsullied name.

At Creek Island, (West Indies,) Oct. 20, of yellow fever, Capt. Daniel G. Ingersoll, of brig Africa, of Boston.

At his residence near Nashville, on Friday the 10th ult. at the age of 75 years, the venerable John M'Nairy, formerly Judge of the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Tennessee. He presided at the State and Federal Courts for the extraordinary period of 46 years.

In New York, 24th inst. Dr William Grigg, late of Boston, 34.

At the Manhattan House, New York, on Thursday night, Mr John L. Cabot, formerly of this city, 25.

In N. Y. 19th inst. Miss Charlotte L. eldest daughter of John Peters, Esq. formerly of Boston.

In New Orleans, 5th inst. Mr Daniel C. Banister, late of Boston, 28.

In Mobile, 2d inst. Mr Andrew Dexter, formerly of Boston.

At sea, on West Coast Sumutra, 1st July last, much lamented, Capt. Wm. J. Hammatt, 36—of bark Francis Stanton of this port.

On board brig Elizabeth, on the passage from Coast of Africa for Salem, Oct. 10, Mr Samuel F. Abbott, second officer.

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The Boston Quarterly Review is intended to be an independent Review. It is not established as the organ of any sect, party, or school. It avows no creed but the creed of progress. Its pages will be open to the discussion of all subjects of general and permanent interest, and whoever has a word he would utter, may claim the right to make it his organ of utterance, providing, his word, in the judgment of the Editor, be not without significance, and it be uttered with spirit, earnestness, in good temper and good taste.

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The Boston Quarterly Review, will be published in numbers of 128 pages 8vo each, on the first of January, April, July and October, and will make a volume of 512 pages a year, which will be furnished to subscribers for *three dollars* payable on the receipt of the first number.

The first number will appear on the first day of January next.

Subscriptions received by the Publisher, BENJAMIN H. GREENE, 124 Washington st.

Boston Dec. 2 1837.

NEW and Beautiful Annual for 1838.—*Portraits of the Children of the Nobility*: a series of highly finished engravings, executed under the superintendence of Mr Charles Heath, from drawings by Alfred E Chalon, Esq. A. R. A. and other eminent Artists. With illustrations in Verse, by distinguished contributors. Edited by Miss Fairlie. First series, containing the portraits of children of the following individuals: His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Wilton, Viscount Canterbury, the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensbury, Sir Wm. Somerville, Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, Lord Lyndhurst. For sale at TICKNOR'S,
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GREENWOOD'S Sermon at the ordination of Rev. J. T

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

'My soul trusteth in Thee: yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge.'—Psalm lvii.

When shadows brood around my way,
Nor hope breathes forth her cheering lay,
God! to the shelter of thy wing,
My weary, fainting soul I bring.

Then flee the gathering clouds of night,
Then burst thy splendors on my sight,
My spirit gathers strength to meet
The ambushed foe, the sad defeat.

My Father! when the storm beats high,
And doubt, and gloom, and death are nigh,
My doubts remove, dispel the gloom,
And cheer with hope the opening tomb.

Though o'er my path the cloud I see,
Trusting, I turn my eye to Thee;
And tread unharmed, the wave-washed strand,
Supported by thy guiding hand.

Taunton. Y. L. E.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Vain man be still: for know thy self-born thought
Is but a rocket launched in Time's dark night,
To flash an instant in the upper air,
And then to fall to Earth a blackened thing,
By its own fire defaced, and of its light bereft:
But still the while do shine Eternal Truths,
Like stars on high, which man on Earth knows not,
And cannot know, except by faith in Him
Who is the great I Am. O would man learn
To walk aright in Time, and walk by light
Whose dazzling source he may not look upon,
The sun of Truth, 'twere well with him: for then
He'd work in doing well, and live in Hope,
And reverent Love, with God above and man
Below. Be not deceived: the mountain height
Of human science is a barren place,
Where rest perpetual snows, and all the dews
And showers of heavenly grace are soon congealed:
Or else, descending to the fertile vales
Below, make glad the rich and teeming soil.
The man who stands upon the topmost height
Of human learning looks on Time's domain,
And addeth age to age of human history:
But can he thus make up Eternity?
Or conquer Heaven? That kingdom cometh not
By observation deep, nor yet is grasped
By strongest hand. The simple, honest heart,
Keeps open house, and Truth comes in and makes
It Heaven; the dwelling place of good, of God.

V.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO INVITED THE AUTHOR TO TAKE TEA WITH HER SIXTY YEARS HENCE.

May 27th, 1897.

My dear Mrs. B——, you cannot forget,
It is just sixty years since in School street we met,
On a gay promenade, (if I recollect right—
My memory lately is not very bright,
But I find by my journal) you tendered to me,
A very polite invitation to tea.

Though old father Time through the valley of years
Has conducted me safely through sunshine and snows,
He's a sad pioneer, for of late it appears,
That the farther he leads me, the sterner he grows.

His feet which first danced over gladness and flowers,
N w linger along amid pleasures so few,
That I long to escape from his dull-moving hours,
And bid to the despot a silent adieu.

And now, my dear Madam—the deepest vexation,
That ever has happened my lot to befall,—
He, in answering this your polite invitation,
Compels me to send my regrets after all.

For *dear* Mrs X— still as dear as in youth,
Will not (careful soul) even let me stir out,
Being not quite so strong as I was—and in truth,
I have just had another attack of the gout.

Besides, I cant hear quite as well as I did;
The firm step of manhood now yields to the staff;
And the vigor of youth in infirmity hid
No longer responds to the unalloyed laugh.

Ah me! as I look on those halcyon days,
How few of their dreams have reality proved!
For age but the visions of childhood betrays,
And withers the beauties which infancy loved.

They tell me the bloom of thy cheek has decayed,
Time's envious finger its vividness searing;
Those dimples which round their sweet roseate play'd
'Neath the furrows of sorrow are fast disappearing,

That the tresses which circled thy light waving hair,
And crown'd the clear brow that so gracefully wore them,
Have fallen beneath the cold winter of care—
And a few silvered locks are but left to deplore them.

And where is he li t of that soft beaming eye,
Those accents their mildness and melody blending;
That step so elastic which once g
As light as some spirit from ether descending?

They are gone—for while now their allurements beholding,
The mists o'er the memory, are gathering fast:
Oh! then let us give, with the il unfolding
A sigh for the future, a tear to the past.

That light of the Past, by the present o'ershaded,
Will beam in the future and scatter the gloom;
And flowers our youth loved to gather, but faded,
To blossom again, in perc nial bloom.

Then it is not for us, my old friend, to be sighing
At fate which frowns over the joys of to-day—
We hie to that home where, its mandate defying,
We may sup of delights which can never decay.

† †

THE FARM-HOUSE.

BY J. G. GILBERT.

A Farm-house glistening in the rays
Of the declining sun;
Its owner sitting at the door,
His daily labor done;
Broad-chested and strong armed is he,
Sun-tinted, bluff and hale—
One hand sustains his pipe—and one
Uplifts his cup of ale!

The waving fields of silken corn,
Gleam in the setting sun,
As, lowing, to their evening fold,
Come brindle, black, and dun;
The milk-maid trips across the lawn,
To claim their pearly store,
The watch-dog trotting at her heels,
And terrier Trim before.

Hard by, beneath her father's tree,
Ay! in her father's chair,
With heaven's own mildness in her face,
The farmer's wife sits there!
With eager eye she peers among
The fruit-o'erladen trees,
Catching, with anxious ear, the sounds
Borne onward by the breeze.

Now dips the Orb beneath the hills,
His noon-tide glory past;
And Evening's purple shroud enfolds
His waning splendor fast:
The rays stream flickering up the sky,
In arrowy flights they run;—
The shadows vanish from the turf—
He sinks—the day is done.

Now swift along the mountain's side,
Released from village school,
Two guileless, merry children leap,
Absolved from rod and rule;
Health sits upon their rosy cheeks,
Loud rings their boyish glee,
One springing into mother's lap,
And one to father's knee!

Hither, ye toiling slaves of wealth,
Ambition's tools, look here!
Heave not your breasts with boiling thoughts?
Starts not a welcome tear?
Did all the trophies ye have won,
Of bliss bring half the store
That animates this humble pair
Beside their cottage door?

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CONTRAST.

One cold December evening as the stage whirled through the village of ——, it stopped at the door of an humble cottage and set down a single traveller. It was the abode of a poor widow, whose heart beat quick within her when the joyous sound of the sleighbells ceased so unexpectedly at her own door. She well knew that the unlooked for visitor could be none other than her only son; and trembling with joy, surprise, and eagerness, she hurried to meet him. But ere her hand had touched the latch, a fearful sound struck upon her ear. In the short, hollow cough, which the poor invalid in vain tried to stifle, she too well knew the symptom of that complaint which had made her a widow, and but for this *one* a childless woman; and now she felt that she was to be wholly bereaved. It was a sad meeting. Walter had left her when the blooming cheek and bright eye of his boyhood bade her hope that in the constitution of her youngest and gentlest, the seeds of untimely decay, had not been sown before his birth; for five long years of apprenticeship in the distant city, had he nursed her hopes into certainty by constant and cheering letters; and now when in her fond imagination she had pictured him to herself, ripened into glow and hardy manhood, he suddenly stood before her, a tall, pale, slender, death-smitten stripling, the very image of her eldest born, as he looked but one short month before she followed him to his early grave. 'I have come home mother for you to cure me,' said the youth. She could not answer.

With an aching heart, the mother that night made ready the bed, in which five of those she best loved on earth had died; and laid upon it her softest pillows for the emaciated temples of her *last*; and when she heard him assure her, that his complaint was a slow fever, and that city air had not agreed with him of late, and he should soon be well, now he was at home, and had *her* to nurse him, the heart of the poor widow sunk within her, and there was a choking in her throat that almost stifled the few words she tried to utter. It was hard that night to pray; but she did pray, until her spirit waxed warm within her, and she felt stronger to bear the heavy burden which was now laid upon her suddenly.

Long before midnight she turned the pillow, which she drenched with tears and laying her head upon it in holy confidence that all was for the best, she sunk into the peaceful sleep of innocence. After this came the well known cares, and anxieties, and fears, and comforts. It was not long ere the sufferer himself knew that he had only come home to have his last hours soothed, as none but a mother can soothe them, and to repose in the church yard, where he had wandered among the graves in his childhood. From that hour the mother and son talked little of earth and earthly things, when alone together, except at those transient intervals, when cheated for an instant by the deceitful nature of his complaint, life again rose gleaming in fairy colors, before the eye of the youthful sufferer, and seemed for a moment nearer, brighter and more substantial than the blessed regions beyond the grave. Short however, were these intervals, and even in them the more experienced eye of the mother read too well all that might once have deceived her; at such times she found it needful to pray alone. She did not ask that the cup might pass from her, that her son might be spared to her; she had done that when she was young in sorrow and had not been sufficiently chastised. But now she felt assured that he was to die, and that it was best he should die; she only prayed that he might be fitted for that pure and happy world, into which he was mercifully taken so young, and that she might be comforted from above through her present trial, and through the loneliness of her old age. Both prayers were reasonable, and they were not rejected. the very act of praying for resignation soothes us into that blessed state of mind for which we pray. During the sickness of her son, the cares of the widow were many; but so too were her comforts. She toiled for him, but she prayed with him. Those who knew how very near he was to her, and that he was her all upon earth, would scarcely have believed that she could have known a happy hour while he lay before her eyes dying by inches; yet there were many times, when, as she listened to the pure and holy sentiments of a dying Christian, and looked on his cheek, flushed not more with the fire that revelled in his veins than with hope, and beheld the saintly expression of his eyes, humbly but fervently raised towards heaven, she felt that it was joy thus to contemplate even the last of her children. She regarded him, not as a being of earth, but as one about to ascend almost visibly to his proper home, a region of perfect purity and happiness. How could she weep while such ideas crowded on her mind!

In the same village, and separated only by a small orchard from the cottage of the pious widow, lived one on whom the sun of worldly prosperity shone bright. Seated amidst the rural abundance of a large and thriving farm, surrounded by a family of healthy children, and almost a stranger to sorrow from her birth, the neighbor of our widow was a woman who performed all her worldly duties without reproach, looked upon the peace and plenty that surrounded her as a matter of course, and rose up in the morning, and lay down in the evening without one aspiration of heartfelt prayer or gratitude to Him whom she never denied, but seldom thought of as the author of her happiness.

Twice only had even the shadow of grief fallen upon her dwelling during a long life; once when the husband whom she had wedded with indifference in her youth was taken from her, after ten years of union had warmed her heart into something like conjugal love; and once when her eldest and favorite child, after a boyhood of dangerous idleness and mischievous pranks, eloped from her and went to sea. From that time she had never heard from him; months and years rolled on, filled up with a round of petty duties, cares, and joys; and she had imperceptibly learned to think of him as one whose face she should behold no more. But scarcely a fortnight after the gentle and pious Walter returned to die under the eye of his mother, George Nelson came home, to the long forsaken abode of his childhood. Proud and happy, indeed, was the mother, as she gazed on the handsome and hardy sailor, and beheld him loaded, as she thought, with fruits of successful toil; proud and happy, but not grateful!

The frequent oath, indeed, sounded strangely and harshly on her ear; and sometimes during the jolity of his unguarded moments, she heard tales to which she wished she had not listened. But her doubts and her scruples sprung from no deep source; and though she feared that all was not right, her very soul did not shudder within her, in that horror of depravity natural to those whose affections are given to a God of purity; and her doubts did not prey upon her spirit, she remembered that such were the ways of sailors; she palliated the sins of the man in her own mind as she had done the follies of the boy, and for three days exulted and was happy. The bold yet suspicious eye of the youth, certain inconsistencies in the account he gave of himself during his long absence, and the utter want of principle betrayed in his conversation, won him no regard among his neighbors; particularly among those who remembered against him the misdemeanors and general recklessness of his boyhood. Yet the eye of a mother closed itself against all that might shock her partiality; till on the evening of the third day an awful light broke upon her, and she awoke in horror from her dream.

The family had gathered round the blazing fire that sent roaring volumes up the chimney, illuminating with its red and dancing beams the whole apartment, from the younger children that nestled in the corner close by the blaze, to the dark cloaks and garments that hung round the walls; the room rung with the sounds of merriment, and the voice of the young sailor was heard louder than all, singing songs fitter indeed for the forecastle, where he had learned them than for the domestic fireside. As the mother moved to and fro in the apartment, her eye fell carelessly sometimes through a window on the beautiful winter evening landscape that lay without, the fields wrapped in one wide sheet of spotless snow, and reposing under the moonlight and starlight of a cloudless sky, calm and lovely as the remains of departed innocence and beauty. But her's was not a soul to be moved with such a scene; and it had not power to arrest her eye one moment, till a face, the face of a man appeared, looking in at the window. Then she stopped, and another, and another presented itself, apparently surveying the group around the fireside. There was a moment's consultation, and they all disappeared; but ere the widow, surprised and appalled, she scarce knew why, had opened her panic struck lips, there was a trampling of feet in the snow without, the door was burst open, and three men rushed into the room. At the first glimpse of their countenances, George sprang from his seat with an oath, and after a wild glance round the room in search of other means of escape, made a desperate attempt to force his way past them. The struggle was violent and short, and presently, bound, panting, helpless, he stood unresistingly among them. Then the shrieks of his mother fell on his ear, his head sunk on his breast, his knees shook under him, and his little brothers and sisters, who looked that night on his ghastly and sullen countenance, never forgot it till their dying day. The words 'bloody pirate and murderer,' were all that the mother heard; the bound arms and guilty brow of her son, were all that she saw; and a flood of grief, horror, and, to her worst of all, *worldly shame*, rushed upon her soul.

Long before midnight, the unhappy criminal was far on his way to the scene of trial, conviction, ignominious and untimely death; leaving behind him a home filled with shrieks and agony. His crime was indeed a crime of blood; a murder committed with the aid of two accomplices on the wide and lonely ocean, where the death cry of the wretched victim could reach no human ear, and his horrid struggles as they threw him into the sea, mangled and yet living were vain as the hope of human succor. The particulars of the tale never reached the ear of his mother: but in the hopeless, alas! almost *prayerless* misery of that night, she felt what it was to have lived 'without God in the world,' and so to have brought up her eldest born.

That same night, the pure spirit of Walter Temple ascended to the God who gave it. His mother was alone in the room with him when he woke from a quiet sleep; and pressing her shrivelled hands in his own cold and emaciated fingers, he whispered a request that she would read him one more chapter in the Bible. She took it up, but as she looked on his face, she saw there the impress of death. She put the book into his hand, and eargerly drawing forward the dim candle that stood by his bedside, she beheld rather than heard the faint 'God bless you, mother,' that quivered on his lips. Something more he murmured but she only indistinctly heard the words 'humble hope,' when a bright smile gleamed over his face and with that celestial light upon his countenance he died.

The childless widow looked upon him long and earnestly, ere she knelt down by the bedside to weep and pray; she could hardly believe that he was gone, so gentle had been the dreaded separation of body and soul; never had she seen the departing spirit exhale itself so peacefully from its tenement of clay. And it did not seem possible in the nature of things, that her last and youngest should lie there a corpse, while she stood by with her silver hair, bent figure, and wrinkled cheek, like one whose proper hour had long since come, and who had nothing more to do on earth. But when she did realize that he was dead, she uttered no shrieks, no bitter wailings of despair, for she felt that she had no cause; yet she wept when she felt her own loneliness, when she looked on his youth and thought what he might have been to her old age. But at last her sobs grew less frequent, the voice of her prayer grew strong, and the spirit of God came upon her in peace and resignation. She rose to look again on the face of the departed, and to close the dull eye where alone death looked ghastly. Then she gazed on the pale brow, so lately throbbing with pain, and now so calm; and the mouth about which yet lingered the seraphic smile of dissolution; and she parted the fair locks on his forehead, till the chill of death struck to her fingers, and the struggle between the sickness of her heart and the faith that endureth all things, became too strong to be borne; then she walked away with a tottering step, to her own straw pallet, whispering fervently as she went, 'My God! oh forsake me not! help me yet a little longer to bear this sorrow!'

Towards the gray of the morning, a short and broken sleep, full of dreams came upon each widow. But the visions of the one were of horror and dismay; scenes of blood and violence thickened round her; or she went through dark dungeons to visit some wretched prisoner, whose dimly seen features were but too familiar, or she beheld the tall gibbet start up before her eyes, in some well known spot, where her children sported round her; and in each wild dream, *one face* and figure still haunted her, till she woke only to shriek and shudder, as consciousness of the dreadful reality rushed over her mind. But peace waved her angel wings over the humble roof of the *poor* widow, though death was within her doors; the spirits of the departed came round her pillow, with bright and happy faces, the voices of those she loved rung in her ears, and her dreams were of Heaven and blessed things. She too woke to affliction, tempered with hope and resignation; and great was the contrast between the sorrows which had that night fallen on the two dwellings.

Russian Expedition to Nova Zembla.—We understand that an expedition is now fitting out at Archangel by the Russian Government, for the purpose of surveying the coasts of Novaya Zemlya, (or Nova Zembla,) and the seas around it.

It appears to be doubtful, notwithstanding the assertions of persons engaged in the Seal Fishery on the West coast of Novaya Zemlya, whether the North point of that island has been doubled by the Russians. To effect this object and to ascertain the exact constitution of the Island, which is thought to consist of an infinite number of insulated parts, is the main object of the present enterprise.

The first expeditions of the last hundred years that have sailed with this object from the Port of Archangel, were despatched by the Russian Government in the years 1820 to 1828, during which time four or five successive attempts were made to coast round Novaya Zemlya. The greatest distance reached in these attempts appears to have been 77 deg. north lattitude, from whence, the navigators being on the western side of the land, saw its northern extreme over wide fields of impenetrable ice.

In the year 1832 a sixth expedition was dispatched under the protection and with the assistance of the Russian Government, by a merchant of Archangel, named Brundt, in conjunction with a person at that time in the employ of the Russians. The objects of this expedition were manifold. The orders given to the commanders of the vessels employed, were to explore the hitherto unfrequented parts, but the avowed ulterior views of the authors of the expedition were to procure pecuniary benefit from fishing and hunting, and to obtain from Government an exclusive right of trade in such parts as their navigators might explore.

The first vessel returned in the same year, having made no discoveries, but with a considerable cargo of seal oil and morse teeth, the value of which is believed to have defrayed about one-half of the whole expenses incurred in fitting out the expedition.

Of the second vessel no accounts have been received since her departure, and there is every reason to believe that she has been lost in the ice with all her crew.

The third vessel being driven by ice into Kamenkaya bay, the crew wintered ashore, the vessel being blocked in by thick ice, although even so late as the month of November, the commander of the vessel could perceive that the straits and sea of Kora were quite open.

In the following month of July, the vessel passed through the long strait called Matochkin Spar, which separates the north from the south part of Nova Zembla, and after sailing round and surveying the southern part, was wrecked near the river Pechora. The crew reached Archangel by land.

In 1834, a seventh expedition was despatched by the Russian Government, consisting of two vessels, under the command of experienced officers. Finding that the ice prevented their progress to the northward of the Matochkin Spar, the commander of one of the vessels landed, and went on foot about one hundred miles along the east coast of the northern part of the island, where, finding a deep and broad bay with high shores, he returned to his vessel.

One of the ships was hemmed in and crushed by the ice, and the other returned in the following year (1835) to Archangel.

The expedition at present fitting out will proceed to the west coast of Nova Zembla, principally with a view to enable two professors of natural history to pursue their researches in the botanical productions of the island, and the molusca and cetacea of its shores. The commander will receive orders to push as far as possible to the north on both coasts, and to complete, if possible, the survey of the whole island.

The only practical benefits hitherto derived from these expeditions have been the survey of the seas lying between Archangel and Nova Zembla, by which the general knowledge of the navigation of the White Sea has been improved, and new ground opened for the fisheries of Archangel.—*London Nautical Magazine.*

Effects of the Bible.—I was travelling about four years ago in a remote district in Bengal, and I came to the house of a gentleman belonging to Portugal. I found him reading the Scriptures in the Bengalee to seventy or eighty people, men, women, and children of that country, who were all very attentive. This gentleman told me that he had been led to employ some of his leisure moments in this way. 'And to-morrow,' said he, 'as you pass my farm, mention my name, and they will procure you a bed; and you will then see the effects of reading the Scripture.' The next day I called at his estate, where I saw one hundred men, women, and children, who had all become converts to Christianity within three or four years. I inquired how they found themselves; they appeared delighted, and thought it a happy thing for them that Europeans had translated the Scripture, that they may read in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. I had some intercourse, also, with an official person in that district, and I mention it because some persons tell you that nothing is done by the missionaries: I asked the Magistrate what was the conduct of these Christians, and he said, 'There is something in them that does excite astonishment: the inhabitants of this district are particularly known as being so litigious and troublesome, that they have scarcely any matter but what they bring into the courts of justice: but during three or four years not one of these people have brought a cause against any one, or any one against them.' I mention this to show that Christianity will produce in all countries, peace and happiness, to those who know the truth as it is in Jesus.—*Lieut. Col. Phipps.*

Curran.—When I was a boy I was one morning playing at marbles in the village ball-alley, with a light heart and lighter pocket. The gibe and the jest went gaily round, when suddenly amongst us appeared a stranger, of a very remarkable and very cheerful aspect. His intrusion was not the least restraint upon our merry little assemblage. He was a benevolent creature, and the days of infancy, (after all, the happiest we shall ever see,) perhaps rose upon his memory. God bless him! I see his fine form at the distance of half a century, just as he stood before me in the little ball-alley in the days of my childhood. His name was Boyse; he was the rector of New Market. To me he took a particular fancy. I was winning and full of waggery; thinking every thing that was eccentric, and by no means a miser of my eccentricities; every one was welcome to a share of them, and I had plenty to spare after having freighted the company with them. Some sweetmeats soon bribed me home with him. I learned from poor Boyse my alphabet and the rudiments of the Classics.

He taught me all he could and then sent me to school at Middleton. In short he made a man of me. I recollect it was about five and thirty years afterwards, when I had risen to some eminence at the bar, and when I had a seat in Parliament, on my return one day from Court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in my drawing room, his feet placed on each side of the Italian marble chimney piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round—it was my friend of the ball alley. I rushed instinctively into his arms, and burst into tears. Words cannot describe the scene which followed: 'You are right, sir, you are right. The chimney-piece is yours—the pictures are yours—the house is yours. You gave me all I have—my friend—my father—my benefactor!' He dined with me, and in the evening I caught the tear glistening in his fine blue eye, when he saw the poor little Jack, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a right honorable. Poor Boyse! he is now gone; and no suiter had a larger deposite of practical benevolence in the court above.

Causes of inundation of the Nile, mentioned by Mr Buckingham. There are various opinions as to the causes of the inundation of the Nile. The most popular and reasonable, that of Halle, is this:—The Mediterranean is continually receiving supplies of water, both from the Atlantic and the inland seas. A powerful current is rushing in, from the East and West; yet the aggregate of water remains the same. This can only be accounted for, by supposing that it is carried off by evaporation. This enormous body of vapor, then, is wafted South by the Etesian wind, blowing steadily from the North ten months during the year, so that Egypt is always overhung by clouds, floating at a great height. Thus they continue till they come in contact with the ridge of Atlas, sometimes called the 'back bone of the world,' crowned with perpetual snows. The vapor, condensed by the cold, falls in clouds, swelling the streams, and ultimately causing the inundation of the Nile. The regularity of the inundations may be explained by the fact, that there are many large lakes in the interior of the country, which at a particular season are almost entirely dry; and it is not till after these are re-filled, that the water flows onward to swell the Nile.

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